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FEBRUARY 4, 1953

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.



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SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Shakespeare Head Press, Sydney.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 4, 1953

Vol. 20, No. 36

CATCH THE FISH BY THE MOUTH

ONE of this year's objectives of the N.S.W. Housewives' Association is that every schoolgirl gets a year's instruction in cooking and domestic science.

Whether cooking is better learned as part of a school curriculum or at one's mother's knee is a controversial point.

But, as with most arguments, there is right on both sides.

Let's face it. This is not a nation of cooks. Ask the average woman if she can cook and as likely as not she will tell you, "Oh yes—of the grills-and-roasts variety."

She will be speaking complacently. Her tone will imply that being able to cook merely to keep alive is a greater attribute than cooking well.

Left to most mothers, this is the attitude daughters will inherit. Moreover, it will govern all they learn or want to learn about the art of cooking.

For cooking is an art. It is not for nothing that the French venerate their great chefs or that the Spaniards have a proverb: "A man is like a fish—caught and held by the mouth."

The girl who gets married without being able to cook will weep into the pots long before she ceases to be a bride.

The ideal is that girls should learn elementary cooking at home and the finer points of the art at school.

A first novel treats of love in middle age

Book review by
HELEN FRIZELL

THE old, old story of the unmarried mother is told in a first novel, "Home To-morrow," by Selina Mary Edmunds.

Miss Edmunds did not let her typewriter run riot in a black welter of sordid melodrama. Instead she wrote in a restrained and subtle mood.

With dignity she presents Celia Scarfe, 35-year-old schoolteacher, whose days have been spent in barren staff rooms, pervaded by the odors of ink, chalk, and serge tunics.

Knowledgeable among her books, Celia is quite innocent and ignorant of human relationships. When she chooses to visit Italy, just before war begins in 1939, she expects to savor nothing more than the Mediterranean sun, the sharp taste of Chianti, the experience of a brief and un-English holiday.

But, after three days in the lakeside village of Cortanza, she finds herself at the end of her resources. Scenery is not enough.

"She had overlooked the dead and bitter weight that such unshared loveliness can hang about the heart. And she had had little opportunity these many years to learn true independence."

In her loneliness she turns to the few English in Cortanza—in particular, a Mr. Meers and his son David. Mrs. Meers, preferring the sophisticated living of the Italian Riviera to village life, is rarely seen. Most of the time she stays in bed, telling Celia, "I'm bored with Cortanza—bored, bored."

So it is with David and Edward Meers that Celia goes driving and picnicking.

There is, Celia knows, tension between Edward and his wife, Nina. Nina is open about it.

With mocking charm, she tells Celia to amuse Edward, implying that her husband would find little in common with the quiet schoolteacher.

Our cover:

● Beach girl Louise Venter, of Cape-town, posed on the white sands of Noordhoek Beach for Australian photographer Brian Chirlian when he visited South Africa recently. The beach is a beauty spot on the Cape peninsula.

This week:

● That fine institution of more leisurely days, afternoon tea, is apt to be overlooked in the scurry of modern living. Even the busiest of women will enjoy an occasional afternoon on which she sets her tea table with meticulous care and uses her best silver and china. Simple but delicious recipes printed on our cookery page this week will make the event even more memorable.

Next week:

● A special fashion supplement will give you a complete picture of the new season's changes in silhouette, colors, and materials.

In an authoritative forecast Mary Horden tells just what has happened... how the longer silhouette is achieved, and why the strangle waist has vanished. Pages of color sketches show the new mode in all its variations.

Rene's presentation of after-dark fashions reveals at a glance what will be worn for evening during the coming season, and there are color photographs from Paris and London.

● Brilliant color pictures show the Queen and other members of the Royal Family at the wedding reception of the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith.

● The controversial film "Moulin Rouge" is featured in two pages of color pictures. The theme is the life-story of famous poster artist Toulouse-Lautrec.

She is wrong. Celia for the first time recognises the truth. She is in love.

It cannot be laughed off "as the inevitable romanticism of a woman well past 30, who found herself for the first time at liberty." Impatient of her own emotion, she is astonished to find that Edward feels as she does.

With war threatening, the Meers' and Celia race back by car over the pass to Switzerland, across France to the coast. By this time both Celia and Edward know that their love, like the war, cannot be ignored.

Fate is aided by refugee-crowded ports and ships. When there is a ship with two vacant berths Nina and David sail, Edward and Celia remain.

After Edward's death in action, his son is born to the schoolteacher in a lonely cottage by the sea. Trying to resume her old career, she leaves the baby with her married sister, and returns to Rougemont school.

Just how Miss Edmunds contrives the happy ending is her own secret, and for the moment mine.

She moves her characters deftly, but they are not puppets.

There is Celia, knowing that the responsibility of birth was hers, that the time has come to be responsible for her son. There is, too, the French teacher at Rougemont, worldly-wise Mademoiselle, who suspects Celia has a secret.

By facing it out, by admitting the truth to herself and to others, Celia gains the maturity that should have been hers years before.

"Home To-morrow" is very much a woman's book. It is worth your while to read it, and to wait for more works from Selina Mary Edmunds' disciplined typewriter.

"Home To-morrow," by Selina Mary Edmunds, is published by William Heinemann Ltd. Our copy from the publishers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street
Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.

MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House
247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters:
Box 182C, G.P.O.

BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street,
Brisbane. Letters: Box 408P, G.P.O.

ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street,
Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.

PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth.
Letters: Box 4610, G.P.O.

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IN TWO SECONDS

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THE MANY FACES OF FINCH

Peter Finch, a young actor who learned his trade in Sydney, is one of the most gifted stars in British theatres and films. You read about Finch's remarkable rise in the new

February A.M., Now on Sale

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 4, 1953



THE LITTLE GOD

By
**NORREY
FORD**

*He was exactly
what she had wished
for . . . young, rich,
handsome, and in
love with her.*



Illustrated by

BROAD
FIRST

*"I've been looking for
you for a long time,"
Richard said to her.
"Such a long time."*

MISS LARCH plunged into the junk shop, dragging Felicity after her. Alice Larch was furnishing a flat, so the shop pulled her like a magnet, but Felicity didn't want junk. She wanted a new hat.

A charming hat, to brighten up last year's suit. An inexpensive hat, because Felicity was saving up for a holiday. And she'd seen some gay suede gloves that would do wonders for the suit, if the hat weren't too dear.

But Felicity was a friendly soul, so she made an impish grimace and followed Miss Larch into the dingy, overcrowded shop. "Be a pal and dig round for china," Miss Larch suggested, and Felicity dug.

She found three odd cups and four saucers, slightly chipped. And then, in a bowl of bric-a-brac in an out-of-the-way corner, she found a little figure.

Grotesque, grimed, and shabby, scarcely three inches high; a queer little face twisted into a broad leer.

"Hallo," Miss Larch appeared at her elbow, "found anything? Oh—a Buddha! I don't want that."

Felicity's fingers closed over the object. "I rather think I do," she said hesitantly.

"Fifteen bob," said the shopkeeper.

Promptly Felicity dropped the Buddha back into the bowl.

Eventually, she bought the squat image for five shillings, a lucky break for the shopkeeper, who'd bought the bowlful of rubbish at a sale for three-and-six.

That evening she was cross with herself for wasting five shillings which she could have put towards the hat and gloves. She scrubbed the Buddha rather angrily with a nail-brush until he became a charming little vermilion-colored object.

Perhaps he wasn't such a bad bargain after all. She put him in a little box and took him to the office to show Miss Larch.

"Not bad, if you like that sort of thing," Larchy condescended. "Here, Beechy, have a look at Felicity's Buddha."

Miss Beech had lived in Shanghai as a child and was a self-appointed authority on all things Oriental.

"Oh," she said doubtfully, "that's not a Buddha. It's—"

she wrinkled her forehead, concentrating. "I'm not sure, mind you, but I think it's Hoti, god of luck."

Felicity was thrilled. "Gosh . . . a sort of mascot?"

Miss Day looked up from doing her nails. "Wish on him."

Felicity's green eyes sparkled. She grabbed the little god and pinned him up in her right hand. "I wish for"—she glanced round the feminine circle in the cloak-room—"what?"

"A man," said Miss Larch. "Don't miss your chance."

Felicity tilted her small head with its close cap of bronze curls. "All right. A handsome, attractive man."

"Rich," prompted Miss Day. "And young."

"Nemenee," said Miss Beech, "there aren't any rich young men."

"I wish for a rich, handsome young man to fall madly in love with me . . . and soon," Felicity said solemnly.

"Oh, do be careful," twittered Beechy. "Those Eastern gods, you know. They have very queer ways."

"Don't get scared, Beechy," Alice Larch said. "You said he was the god of luck. Felicity, you ought to rub it when you wish, like Aladdin's lamp."

Felicity rubbed the smooth, bald head.

"And a new dress, please, something really special. Now," she placed the god on a shelf below the cloak-room mirror, "get weaving, Hoti."

"I wouldn't, I really wouldn't," murmured Miss Beech anxiously, as the girls filed into the typing room and unnumbered their machines, but no one took any notice, because Beechy was a bit of a bore about her old East.

Once or twice during a hectic morning Felicity glanced at Hoti, smiled and nodded at him.

And whether he was pleased with these attentions or not, Felicity went out in her lunch hour and found the hat, so modest in price that she hurried and bought a pair of the bright suede gloves.

"Nice work, Hoti," she told him back at the office.

At half-past five Felicity packed Hoti into his box, tied it with string, and hung the string over a finger.

She popped the gloves into the hat-bag, taking one more peep at the treasure within. Then she peered into the mirror once more, and was ready for home.

It may have been that Hoti didn't care for travelling in a paper parcel or that Beechy was mistaken.

But a nasty, gusty rain shower started, and when Felicity was waiting to cross the road, holding her hat on, clutching her parcels, and trying to keep her skirt from blowing up, an extra stiff gust of wind whirled round the corner.

It snatched the hat-bag from her hand, and whirled it under the wheels of a large sedan which immediately squashed it flat. Felicity darted out into the road and picked up the muddy pancake. A chauffeur got out of the car and came towards her. "Any damage, Miss?"

She held out the ruined parcel. "My new hat."

"There now! I am sorry, Miss."

"Sorry? I should jolly well—!" but Felicity was a nice girl, and she knew it wasn't the man's fault. She gulped down her disappointment and said politely:

"It wasn't your fault. Just an—accident." And to her horror two great tears brimmed into her eyes.

The middle-aged, kindly looking chauffeur took the parcel from her. "Look here, Miss, I can see you're upset. My wife's a lady's maid, and clever with her fingers. Let me take it home and see what she can do. Give me your address."

Felicity gave him her address, because it was a kind thought of his, and not because she had any hope.

A woman would know at once that the hat was beyond repair—and the gloves. She smiled gratefully at the chauffeur.

"It's good of you to be so reasonable about it," he told her. "Some young ladies wouldn't half have played up."

Felicity continued on her way to the station in an unhappy daze, and either thanks to Hoti or her own small, lovely face, she was given a seat by an unknown man and sank gratefully into it.

Once or twice during the journey treacherous tears meshed themselves into her lashes, splitting the light into bars of brilliant color.

But soon she gave herself a mental shake, telling herself the hat was gone, and that was that.

The precious holiday savings would have to be raided to replace it—too bad, but—well, she'd economise on lunches a bit more.

Felicity was so absorbed in her calculations that she almost missed her station. Coming to herself with a jolt, she sprang up and struggled out, squeezing past strap-hangers, treading recklessly on toes.

Some idiot had planted a suitcase in the gangway, which she didn't see until she fell over it, banging her shins agonisingly.

A masculine hand steadied her; she muttered a thank you.

Please turn to page 36



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say 'housework'**



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KEEP SOFTASILK IN YOUR BEDROOM... YOUR BATHROOM... YOUR KITCHEN

*She thought she knew all about drama
but she didn't guess this scene was...*

ACTED OFF

WHAT should a daughter wear to welcome her parents home from their honeymoon? School uniform was too ordinary, Vicky decided, and her Sunday frock too special. So she chose a green jumper and a yellow cloth skirt which, with her flaming red hair, made life gayer.

Make-up? For the past three weeks she had run riot. Better keep to a touch of the "Fifth Form" lipstick Marion had given her. Discreet and dutiful.

She cut some of Marion's favorite apricot roses for their bedroom, then she went to the kitchen to tell Maggie to have dinner ready by seven, sharp.

"Not so much of your 'sharp,'" said Maggie. "Now you've a new Ma, you won't be so bossy by half, Miss Vicky. If you don't watch your step, that tip-tilt nose of yours'll be put right out of joint."

Vicky giggled, then frowned.

"Don't be disrespectful, Maggie. I'll have Marion eating out of my hand, bless her, but I've spoiled you by letting you have your own way too much."

"Talking of people having their own way," said Maggie darkly, "you'll catch it when your Pa finds out what you've been up to. Skimping your home-work to go to the theatre each night—painted and powdered, too. And smarmy-looking men bringing you home in their cars—and you no more'n seventeen! Shame on you, Miss Vicky, for such goings-on the moment his back is turned!"

"If you tell tales," breathed Vicky, "I'll never forgive you, Maggie. I'll make your life terrible and hound you to your grave. I'll dance on that, too, with clogs on."

Maggie shuddered and crossed herself.

The front door bell rang, and Vicky slid off the table to answer it. She went with stately tread, her impish face a study in wistful innocence. But she flung the door open, extending both hands.

"Welcome, welcome, welcome!" she declaimed, on a rising note. "This is the happiest day of my life, because," an authentic break crept into her voice, "at last I can say those magic words, 'Welcome home, Daddy and... Mummy!'"

Marion laughed. Gerald Warren frowned.

"Don't be an ass, Vicky. How many times have I told you that acting is ruined by over-emphasis? Besides, it's bad form to exploit the theatre-value of a family reunion."

"Oh, well," said Vicky, rather crushed, "it's an occasion, anyway. Celebrated dramatist brings home actress bride. I shan't call Marion 'Mummy,' because I like calling her Marion, but just this once it was justified. Marion, darling, you're even lovelier than at the wedding."

"Isn't she?" Gerald was pleased, and under their gaze Marion blushed.

That she still could blush after ten years in modern plays, many of them Gerald Warren's conjugal dramas, was a tribute to her early resolve to have a private life apart from her stage life. Now she had given up the stage, and was looking forward to a new career as Gerald's wife and Vicky's mother.

The drama, she knew, would still be there. Temperaments ran high in the Warren family, and often clashed. Her strength was that she and Vicky were firm friends.

"Dinner at seven," said Vicky. "I'll come up while you're changing, Marion."

She took up a glass of sherry for Marion, and some fruit juice for herself.

"To the Women of the House of Warren," she toasted. "How does it feel to have a seventeen-year-old daughter when you're only twenty-eight?"

Marion laughed. She was a tall, graceful blonde, with deep blue eyes. A bit insipid, Vicky had thought at first—until she had noticed that fine, sensitive mouth that gave character to the pretty face.

"I haven't got used to being a mother yet," Marion confessed, "but I suppose I shall. How does it feel to have a step-mother?"

"In a way I'm a bit disappointed, because we're such pals. A wicked step-mother would have been most terribly thrilling. You know—someone passionately green-eyed and spiteful, who'd hiss the most dreadful things about me into Daddy's ear."

"He wouldn't believe them."

"Or I might have been a little viper," Vicky reflected. "All honey to Daddy and gall to you. We're pretty lucky, Marion. I'll help you, you'll help me, and if we pull together we'll have Daddy eating out of our hands."

A faint apprehension stirred in Marion. She looked at her step-daughter.

"Conspiracy? Out with it, Vicky. What have you been up to?"

Vicky grinned admiringly.

"What I like about you is that you're clever, as well as lovely. Of course, you couldn't have been a great actress if you hadn't been clever, but you're understanding, as well."

"Worse and worse," said Marion. "I get really nervous when you coo at me, darling. You aren't considering elopement? Then have mercy and put me out of my suspense."

"Well... it's Daddy. You know how he goes off the deep end about certain things which aren't important at all. Like when he caught me reading 'Forever Amber,' and locked it in his desk."

"You've found the key?"

"He keeps it in his tobacco jar, if you haven't read Amber, but it isn't only that. I'm just proving how narrow-minded he can be, though you wouldn't think so from his plays."

"He actually refused to give me tickets for the first night of 'Decree Rescinded,' though Nita Forsyth, who plays the girl who has to choose between a drunken father and an immoral mother, can't be much older than I."

"Nita may look like a teen-ager," said Marion, "but she's twenty-four. And 'Decree Rescinded' puts forward a very advanced sociological theory."

"I know all about it," said Vicky impatiently. "This house was full of it for months, and I used to listen every evening at the dining-room door while the cast went over their parts with Daddy."

"My point is his bigotry where I'm concerned. He wants one law for the Medes and another for the Persians, and that's unreasonable, isn't it?"

"I'm not committing myself until I know where we're going."

Vicky couldn't keep her secret to herself any longer. Her eyes shone, her cheeks glowed with excitement.

"I'm going on the stage!"

"Agreed," said Marion, "and I'm going to help you. We'll talk Gerald into sending you to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art when you leave school and then—fame!"

"I can't wait for it. I'm starting my career on Monday."

"Oh!"

"In 'Decree Rescinded.' At the local

repertory theatre. Tod Hughes, the manager, has offered me the part of the daughter."

"Oh!" said Marion, feeling the quick sands shifting under her feet. "I've been rehearsing every evening after school."

"Vicky, was that—"

"Please don't ask me if it was playing the game to do this behind Daddy's back, because when your career is at stake everything's fair."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," Shakespeare wrote that, and this is my tide," finished Vicky.

Faced with her first domestic problem as wife and mother, Marion saw no solution. Gerald would be furious. Vicky knew it, and was trying to sign her up as an ally.

If she sided with Vicky, there would be trouble with Gerald, and if she went against Vicky the slender link of friendship between them, which she had planned to forge into a good, stout chain, might be snapped.

As an actress who had found success the hard way, she sympathised with Vicky; as a wife, all her sympathies were with Gerald.

It was one thing to write daring melodramas, but quite another to have one's teen-age daughter starring in them. Vicky saw her dilemma, and turned on the heat.

"If a girl can't ask her mother for help, who can she ask? You're only just married, Marion, so he ought not to be able to refuse you anything. This is my chance!"

"Let's get this straight," Marion suggested. "This is my first night in your house, and you're asking me to take sides against your father on a most important issue. I ask you, Vicky, isn't that a bit unscrupulous?"

"It may be, but I can't afford to wait while you get acclimatised. The part for next week's show goes up to-morrow, and Tod Hughes says he must have Daddy's consent first."

Thank goodness for that, thought Marion. She said, "You must speak to Gerald at dinner. If I can't do anything else, I'll referee the fight."

"That isn't good enough. I expect you to be in my corner, shouting for me. We've got to work together, Marion... apart."

Marion recognised the ultimatum, and while she resented the tactics she was forced to admit that, from Vicky's point of view, they were justifiable.

When you were seventeen and wanted something badly, you weren't so scrupulous.

As she dressed, she worried. Neutral wasn't a very safe line. After the fight winner and loser generally turned on the referee.

At first Gerald Warren thought his daughter was pulling his leg. When he realised she wasn't, he exploded.

"Are you crazy, Vicky? Do you think I'd let the manager of a third-rate repertory company exploit my daughter as one of my own plays? And 'Decree Rescinded,' at that! You'd make a fool of yourself and of me!"

Vicky was pale, but her mouth was stubborn.

"Why should I make a fool of myself? I can act. I know the part, and I can put it across as well as Nita Forsyth."

"To my knowledge you've never seen Miss Forsyth act. If you had, you wouldn't make such daft claims."

STAGE

BY BRETON AMIS

ILLUSTRATED BY PIEREMONT

"I went to see her in 'Decree Re-vised' twice, and as you wouldn't get me tickets I sat in the gallery."

Gerald half rose, but at a glance from Marion he sat down again.

"Listen, Vicky." With an effort he spoke calmly. "We aren't going to quarrel on Marion's first night with us, are we?"

"If you've disobeyed my wishes in the past I'll overlook it, although if I'd known at the time I might have forgotten that you were a young lady of seventeen and treated you like a naughty infant. I'll have a word with Tod Hughes, and you can forget this."

"Forget it!" Vicky gave a jarring laugh that was pure theatre. "This is my chance, Duddy! I can't back out now. The posters are printed and go up to-morrow. Look!"

She produced a poster from behind her back and unfolded it, and Marion had to suppress a wild desire to laugh.

Vicky's name was in flaming red letters, while Gerald, as author of the play, appeared in very small black letters.

"I told Tod Hughes your name ought to be bigger, Daddy, but he says I'm the local attraction."

Gerald glowered at the poster.

"Very nice. And now you've seen your name in print you'd better tear it up and forget all about it, before you're expelled from school and I'm black-listed at my clubs. No more nonsense, Vicky. You'd better go to bed."

"Marion!" Vicky's voice was husky. "You promised . . ."

"I'm sorry, Vicky. I didn't promise anything."

Vicky gave her one last look as she left the room. A look which plainly said, "All right! I won't forget or forgive. You've let me down when I most wanted your help."

It was such a disastrous start to her domestic life that tears stung Marion's eyes.

She knew exactly what Vicky was feeling, and she couldn't blame her, and she couldn't blame Gerald.

"I'm sorry about this," he was saying. "Vicky's as stubborn as a mule when she wants her own way, but, of course, it's utterly impossible. Thank goodness I've got you, Marion, to help with her."

"I haven't helped yet. I . . . wonder if I can."

After a few minutes Marion went up to Vicky's room, but the door was locked. She called softly.

"Vicky, dear—I've been thinking it over. Is your heart so set on this?"

"You know it is!" came the muffled reply.

"All right. I'll ask your father to give his consent. It'll be the first thing I've ever asked him, as his wife, so he can't refuse."

"Oh, Marion!"

"I'll come up later and tell you."

Gerald strode heavily up and down the room, tapping once to hammer

his clenched fist on the table. His voice was like thunder.

"This is outrageous, Marion! That you, my own wife, should side against me with my own daughter, in my own house, on the day I bring you home! It's unforgivable."

"I'm not asking forgiveness, Gerald." Marion's voice was summer lightning.

"I'm asking you to give way as a

To page 37



As Vicky listened at the door she heard her father say, "I won't be blackmailed by Vicky or by my wife."



Coronation Year decrees an Elizabethan Red

Michel

LEADER IN FASHION LIP WEAR

The British Colour Council, with Royal Sponsorship, has approved a glorious Elizabethan red as the colour-decree of high fashion in Coronation Year. Michel therefore proudly presents the new colour in loveliest lipwear... "Tudor Red," a rich true red of dramatic intensity, holding in its red heart the glow and soft fire of a ruby. Super-indelible, as are all Michel lipsticks, "Tudor Red" stays on longer to keep your lips lovelier, soft and sweetly inviting. Wear "Tudor Red," by Michel, the year's fashion choice in smartest lipstick!

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A short story
complete on
this page

Second Childhood

By E. M. FULLER

OLD Mrs. Mulvaney leaned back in her chair and watched the children arrive for the party. She was glad she had insisted on coming down. Not that she was especially fond of children or had ever enjoyed children's parties, but she still liked to be amused.

The children, their frocks and hair still warm and crimped from their outdoor activities, edged into the room like newly hatched chicks. They greeted her with sidelong smiles, then caught sight of the familiar trappings of the party and were instantly at home.

Within a few minutes the room was bubbling with activity. Against the glare of the gramophone and a small boy's one-fingered insistence on the piano, her daughter, May, began to organise games.

A little dizzied by the rapidly mounting crescendo of gaiety, Mrs. Mulvaney closed her eyes for a moment. The gramophone stopped in the middle of a record, was wound, and started again in the middle of another. The pianist changed fingers but not the note.

This was what a party should be like, she thought; against the familiar background of noise, color, and food, complete freedom to join in games or play on your own.

Smiling a little wryly, she remembered parties of her childhood; saw herself, ringlets bouncing like bed-springs, dragged into games she could not play and competitions she never won. Not that she didn't get prizes: she won more consolation prizes than any other child, and shed more tears over their winning than she shed over the games she lost.

Rested by her withdrawal and reminded of the present by the brisk opening of the drawing-room door, she opened her eyes. Then quickly she struggled to a more upright position against her cushions.

The latecomer stood just inside the room where she had been propelled by a busy housemaid. Her head, with short, tight plaits of red hair, looked like a twin-tailed carrot. She wore a dark frock of indeterminate length, shape, and color, and boys' long socks. Her face glowed with map and shyness and her eyes with fright.

Mrs. Mulvaney beckoned her daughter. "Who's that?" she demanded.

"Old Mrs. Turner's great-niece, Emmie. Born living with her for some time. Mother dead, father in the Army. Looks shy, doesn't she?"

Mrs. Mulvaney eyed the child with interest. Mrs. Turner, she remembered, lived alone in a large dim house and was rumored to be a little mad.

Emmie—she looked an Emmie. Mrs. Mulvaney thought—seemed oblivious of the party and encased in a private, panic-stricken world of her own. As though loth to lose sight of freedom, she stayed pressed tight against the door.

Then the tea-gong clamored through the room, and the children, timid laughter and shuffling for partners, jostled into the dining-room. Mrs. Mulvaney checked them off. Emmie was not among them.

"You're safe now," she said loudly, as the door closed. There was no reply, but with a reluctance so familiar that it whisked the old lady back sixty-odd years, Emmie emerged from behind the door.

"It's tea-time," Mrs. Mulvaney said. "Perhaps you'll help me by finding my stick and holding these stockings while I get up."

Absorbed and careful, Emmie fetched the stick and steadied the chair, as completely at home with age and infirmity as she was at a time with childhood and games. They went slowly into the dining-room.



Illustrated by

John Mills

May clicked her tongue when she saw them.

"Mother, you shouldn't! I was sending you a tray. Well, you'd better sit here now. And you, dear, come and sit here. That's right. Now would you like tea or lemonade? Sandwich or bread and butter?"

Mrs. Mulvaney lowered herself into the chair indicated. Emmie, furtive as a mouse, tweaked a piece of bread and butter on to her plate and nibbled at it, studying the roses on her cup with painful concentration.

Mrs. Mulvaney stirred her tea, sipped it, warmed her hands around the cup, and lapsed into thought. From time to time she passed cakes, offered jellies, and made gentle remarks.

But as they were about to cut the big cake she saw that Emmie was on the verge of tears. With unaccountable anxiety, her old eyes ranged the table in search of diversion.

"Will you pass the cake, dear?" she called to her granddaughter. "Your mother's going to cut it."

But as she took the plate her hands, never steady, seemed to lose their strength, knocking over a plate of biscuits and a glass of lemonade. Hastily, and a little breathlessly, she sat back to examine the extent of the damage.

"The child's soaked the skin," she announced cheerfully, holding up Emmie's skirt.

"She must change before she gets cold. I'll take her to the nursery. Yes, of course I can manage. Reared enough of my own, didn't I? Yes, I'll find her something else to wear."

Insisting that she needed no help, she levered herself out of her chair and clumped out of the room with Emmie. Upstairs, before the nursery fire, she sat heavily in a low chair to regain her breath.

"What cold hands!" she exclaimed, peeling off the sodden garments. "Didn't you bring a cardigan?"

"Auntie told me to, but I forgot," Emmie said colorlessly.

"Never mind." Mrs. Mulvaney nodded her head. It was probably the sort of garment any child would try to forget. "We'll soon have you warm. Now, about a frock."

Holding firmly to the backs of

chairs and the knobs of the chest of drawers, she propelled herself to the wardrobe, slid the hangers up and down speculatively, then stumped back to the wicker chair.

"Blue to match your eyes," she said, briskly buttoning the child into a frilly confection of net and posies. "Now, off with those socks."

"But they're not wet," Emmie pointed out reasonably.

"Not wet? But they must be!" She looked vexed. "Are you sure? Neither are they. Well, off with them all the same."

Defiantly, for all her years, she dressed the child, then, fetching brush and comb, unpicked the aggressive little plaits.

"A bit splashed," she pointed out airily. "That glass must have been full. I think there's a ribbon to match this frock somewhere."

She worked at the red tails till they shone like a fox's brush, tied on an enormous, defiant bow, and then surveyed the result.

"Warm yet?" she asked, rubbing one of Emmie's hands with a gentle urgency, as though massaging a heart back to life.

The child nodded.

"That's fine." She got up with difficulty. "And now we'll go back and finish tea."

Back in the empty dining-room, Emmie ate what was given her and smiled when she met Mrs. Mulvaney's eyes. Then, tea over, she braved the drawing-room door with an effort of will so tangible as to drag the old lady painfully through the years to her own shy childhood. Musical Chairs was in progress.

"Now just you join in and sit down when I wink," the old lady whispered, taking up a position near the piano. And every time her daughter's hands relaxed on the keys, she winked. Better that the child should sit down too often than too late, Emmie won the prize.

By the same method, she won a prize for Musical Bumps, and, by different methods but the same principle, for Sticking the Pig. And at each triumph the old lady clapped her hands, thumped with her stick, and shouted "Bravo, bravo!"

These were her successes. Sixty-odd years late, perhaps, but sweet none the less. All the childish cunning and determination she had been too shy to exert sixty years ago she invested in Emmie now.

She pushed, pummelled, and cheated her into success, and at the end of the party packed her back into her coat and cap and long boy's socks, loaded her with her

"Keep the frock till we send yours back," Mrs. Mulvaney told Emmie before she left.

prizes, and kissed her warmly on both cheeks.

"Now remember, you're to keep that frock till we send yours back. Tell your aunt that. Don't forget."

Then, pleased and proud, her eyes followed the child down the length of the hall to the front door. This was herself, triumphant, going home. Then she turned, suddenly tired, and clumped upstairs to the nursery, and stared resentfully at the sodden heap that was Emmie's frock.

When her daughter and granddaughter joined her a few minutes later her hands were folded idly in her lap and her eyes were closed. There was a strong smell of burning.

May sniffed. "I smell something burning. What have you been doing, mother?"

Mrs. Mulvaney peeped anxiously at the fire, but it was burning again with a bright innocence that reassured her.

"Nothing much," she said drowsily, closing her eyes again. "Just making sure that I enjoy my second childhood as much as I disliked my first!"

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The Grand Sophy

WHEN SOPHIA STANTON-LACY comes to stay with her aunt, LADY OMBERSLEY, during her father's absence in Brazil, she bids fair to be anything but a "good little thing—no trouble at all"—as her father described her.

The Ombersley family is in rather an unhappy state. By the provisions of an uncle's will, CHARLES RIVENHALL, the eldest son, controls the household affairs instead of his spendthrift father.

He forbids his sister, CECILIA, to receive the suit of poet AUGUSTUS FAWN-HOPE, and urges her, instead, to marry LORD CHARLBURY. He is severe and unsympathetic towards his irresponsible younger brother, HUBERT; while none of the family likes his staid fiancée, EUGENIA WRAXTON.

Within hours of her arrival Sophy disrupts the younger children by gifts of a monkey and a parrot; promises Cecilia help in her love affairs; annoys Eugenia by her free and easy behaviour; and nearly clashes with Charles. NOW READ ON:

BREAKFAST was served at Ombersley House in a parlor at the back of the house. Only Lady Ombersley, Cecilia, and Sophy sat down to the table at nine o'clock the next morning, for Lord Ombersley, a man of nocturnal habits, never left his room until noon, and his two elder sons had breakfasted an hour earlier and had gone off to ride in the park.

Lady Ombersley, whose indifferent health made restful nights rarities in her life, had employed some part of her wakeful hours in planning entertainments for her niece, and as she dipped fingers of dry toast into her tea she propounded a scheme for an evening party, with dancing.

Cecilia's eyes brightened, but she said rather sceptically: "If Charles will permit it."

"My dear, you know your brother has no objection to any rational enjoyment. I do not mean that we should give a really large ball, of course."

Sophy, who had been watching in some awe her aunt's languid consumption of tea and toast, said: "Dear ma'am, I would infinitely prefer that you should not put yourself out for me!"

"I am quite determined to give a party for you," replied Lady Ombersley firmly. "I promised your father that I would do so. Besides, I am very fond of entertaining. I assure you, we are not in general so quiet as you find us at present. When I brought dear Maria out we gave a ball, two rout-parties, a Venetian breakfast, and a masquerade!"

She added, with a sigh, "But then poor Cousin Mathilda was still alive, and she sent out all the invitation cards, and arranged everything."

"If that is all that troubles you, ma'am, pray do not give it another thought!" said Sophy. "Cecy and I will arrange everything, and you shall have nothing to do but choose what dress you will wear, and receive your guests."

Lady Ombersley blinked at her. "But, my love, you could not!"

"Indeed I could!" asserted Sophy, smiling warmly at her. "Why, I have managed all Sir Horace's parties since I was seventeen. And that puts me in mind of something I must do at once. Where shall I find Hoare's Bank, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Find Hoare's Bank?" echoed Lady Ombersley blankly.

"What in the world can you want to know that for?" asked Cecilia.

Sophy looked a little surprised. "Why, to present Sir Horace's letter of authorisation to be sure!" she answered. "I must do so at once, or I may find myself quite at a loss."

The habit was modish and very striking. Without any doubt, it suited Sophy to perfection.

She perceived that her aunt and cousin were looking more bewildered than ever, and lifted her brows. "But what have I said?" she asked, between amusement and dismay. "Hoare's, you know! Sir Horace banks with them!"

"Yes, my dear, I daresay he may, but you do not have an account with a bank," expostulated Lady Ombersley.

"No, alas! It is such a bore! However, we settled it that I should draw upon Sir Horace's funds for my needs. And for the expenses of the household, of course, but at this present we have no house," said Sophy, lavishly spreading butter on her fourth slice of bread.

"My love! Young ladies never—I who myself have never entered your under-bank in my life!" said Lady Ombersley, deeply moved.

"No?" said Sophy. "Perhaps he prefers to settle all the bills himself? Nothing teases Sir Horace more than to be later applied to for money! He taught me years ago to understand business, and so we put on very happily."

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Lady Ombersley. "Really, Horace—he never mind! Dear child, you cannot possibly need to draw funds while you are with me!"

Sophy laughed. "Indeed I shall. You have no notion how expensive I am, ma'am! And Sir Horace warned me most particularly not to allow myself to be a charge on you."

Cecilia, her eyes round with wonder, asked: "Does you papa set no limit on what you spend?"

"No, how could he do so, when he has gone quite out of reach, and can have no notion what I might suddenly need. But I did not mean to tease you with my affairs. Only, in what part of the town is Hoare's situated, if you please?"

Fortunately, since neither of the other ladies had the smallest idea of the locality of any bank, Mr. Rivenhall came into the room at this moment. He was dressed in riding, and had merely looked in to tell his mother if she had any commissions he might desire him to execute in the city, whither he was bound.

She had none, but did not hesitate in spite of his probable disapproval to discuss to him Sophy's extraordinary wish to go directed to Hoare's Bank. He took this with equanimity, and even bore up wonderfully under the disclosure that she was at liberty to draw on her father's account.

He said: "Unusual!" but he seemed to be more amused than disapproving. "Hoare's Bank is at Temple Bar," he added. "If your need is urgent, I am driving into the city myself this morning, and shall be happy to escort you."

"Thank you! If my aunt has no objection I shall be glad to go with you. What do you wish to start?"

"I shall wait your convenience, cousin," he replied politely.

This civility augured well for the expedition, and made Lady Ombersley, always inclined to be optimistic, nourish the hope that Charles had taken one of his usual likings to his cousin. He was certainly

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Instalment two of an eight-part serial
By **GEORGETTE HEYER**

predisposed in her favor when he found that she did not keep him waiting; and she, for her part, could not think very badly of a man who drove such a splendid pair of horses in his curricle.

She took her place beside him in this vehicle; the groom swung himself up behind, as the horses plunged past him; and Sophy, herself no mean whip, preserved a critical but not unappreciative silence while Charles controlled the first ardor of his pair.

Reserving her ultimate judgment until she should have seen him with a tandem or a four-in-hand, she yet felt that she could safely repose confidence in his ability to aid her in the purchase of carriage horses for her own use, and said presently: "I must buy a carriage, and don't know whether to choose a curricle or a high-perch phaeton. Which do you recommend, cousin?"

"Neither," he replied, steadying his horses round a bend in the street. "Oh!" said Sophy, rather surprised. "What, then?"

He glanced down at her. "You are not serious, are you?"

"Not serious? Of course I am serious!"

"If you wish to drive, I will take you in the park one day," he said. "I expect I can find a horse—or even a pair—in the stables quiet enough for a lady to drive."

"Oh, I fear that would never do!" said Sophy, shaking her head.

"Indeed? Why not?"

"I might excite the horse," said Sophy dulcely.

He was momentarily taken aback. Then he laughed.

"I beg your pardon. I had no intention of offending you! But you cannot need a carriage in London. You will no doubt drive out with my mother, and if you should wish to go on some particular errand you may always order one of the carriages to be sent round to the house for your use."

"That," said Sophy, "is very obliging of you, but will not suit me quite so well. Where does one buy carriages in London?"

"You will scarcely drive yourself about the town in a curricle!" he said. "Nor do I consider a high-perch phaeton at all a suitable vehicle for a lady. They are not easy to drive. I should not care to see any of my sisters making the attempt."

"You must remember to tell them so," said Sophy affably. "Do they mind what you say to them? I never had a brother myself, so I can't know."

There was a slight pause while Mr. Rivenhall, unaccustomed to sudden attacks, recovered his presence of mind. It did not take him very long. "It might have been better for

you if you had, cousin!" he said grimly.

"I don't think so," said Sophy, quite unruffled. "The little I have seen of brothers makes me glad that Sir Horace never burdened me with any."

"Thank you! I know how I may take that, I suppose!"

"Well, I imagine you might, for although you have a great many antiquated notions I don't think you stupid, precisely."

"Much obliged! Have you any other criticisms you would care to make?"

"Yes, never fly into a miff when you are driving a high-couraged pair! You took that last corner much too fast."

As Mr. Rivenhall was accounted something of a nonpareil, this thrust failed to pierce his armor. "What an abominable girl you are!" he said, much more amiably. "Come! We cannot quarrel all the way to Temple Bar! Let us cry a truce!"

"By all means," she agreed cordially. "Let us rather talk about my carriage. Do I go to Tattersall's for my horses?"

"Certainly not!"

"Dear Cousin Charles, do you wish me to understand that I have the name wrong or that there is a superior dealer?"

"Neither. What I wish you to understand is that females do not frequent Tattersall's!"

"Now, is this one of the things you would not like your sisters to do or would it really be improper in me to go there?"

"Most improper!"

"If you escorted me?"

"I shall do no such thing."

"Then how shall I manage?" she demanded. "John Potton is an excellent groom, but I would not trust him to buy my horses for me. Indeed, I would not trust anyone, except, perhaps, Sir Horace, who knows exactly what I like."

He perceived that she was in earnest, and not, as he had suspected, merely bent on roasting him.

"Cousin, if nothing will do for you but to drive yourself, I will put my tilbury at your disposal, and will choose a suitable horse for you."

"One of your own?" she asked.

"None of my horses are at all suitable for you to drive."

"Well, never mind!" said Sophy. "I shall prefer to have my own phaeton-and-pair."

"Have you the

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"Oh, doesn't she look lovely," Cecilia sighed, while Charles eyed his cousin in staggered silence.



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Continuing

The Grand Sophy

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smallest notion what you would have to pay for a well-matched pair?" he demanded.

"No, tell me! I thought not above three or four hundred pounds?"

"A mere trifle! Your father, of course, would have not the least objection to your squandering three or four hundred pounds on a pair of horses!"

"Not the least, unless I allowed myself to be taken in like a goose, and bought some showy-looking animal for ever throwing out a splint or a high-stepper found to be touched in the wind at the end of a mile."

"I advise you to wait until he returns to England, then. He will no doubt choose you the very thing!" was all Mr. Rivenhall would say.

Rather to his surprise, Sophy appeared to take this in perfectly good part, for she made no comment and almost immediately desired him to tell her the name of the street they were driving down.

She did not refer again to the phaeton-and-pair, and Mr. Rivenhall, realising that she was merely a little spoilt and in need of a set-down, palliated the severe snub he had dealt her by pointing out one or two places of interest which they passed and asking her a few civil questions about the scenery of Portugal.

Arrived at Temple Bar, he drew up before the narrow entrance to Hoare's Bank, and would have accompanied her inside had she not declined his escort, saying that he would do better to walk his horses, for she did not know how long she might be detained, and there was a sharp wind blowing. So he waited for her outside, reflecting that however unusual it might be for a young and unattached lady to do business in a bank she could not really come to any harm there.

When she reappeared, in about twenty minutes' time, some senior official of the bank came with her and solicitously handed her up into the currie. She seemed to be on terms of considerable friendship with this personage, but disclosed, in answer to a somewhat sardonic inquiry made by her cousin as they drove off, that this had been her first meeting with him.

"You surprise me!" said Mr. Rivenhall. "I had supposed he must have dandled you on his knee when you were a baby!"

"I don't think so," she said. "He didn't mention it, at all events. Where do we go now?"

He told her that he had some business to transact near St. Paul's, adding that he should not keep her waiting above five minutes. If this was a shaft aimed at the length of time she had spent in the bank he missed his aim, for Sophy said in the most amiable way that she did not mind waiting.

This was a much more successful shaft: Mr. Rivenhall began to think that in Miss Stanton-Lacy he had met an opponent to be reckoned with.

When he presently drew up in a street beside St. Paul's, Sophy held out her hand, saying: "I will take them." He therefore put the reins into her hand, for, although he did not trust her to control his spirited horses, his groom was already at their heads, so that there was no likelihood of any mishap.

Sophy watched him walk into a tall building, and pulled off one of her lavender kid gloves. The east wind was blowing quite strongly: certainly strongly enough to whirl a lady's glove, tossed to it, into the gutter on the farther side of the road.

"Oh, my glove!" exclaimed Sophy. "Please run quickly or it will blow quite away! Don't

fear for the horses: I can handle them!"

The groom found himself in a quandary. His master would certainly not expect him to leave the greys unattended; on the other hand, someone must rescue Miss Stanton-Lacy's glove, and the street was momentarily deserted. He touched his hat and strode across the road.

"Tell your master that it is too chilly to keep the horses standing!" Sophy called after him. "I will tool the currie round the streets for a few minutes and come back to take him up when he is ready!"

The groom, who was stooping to pick up the glove, nearly fell over, so swiftly did he spin round. He had an excellent view of Miss Stanton-Lacy driving away at a smart pace.

It was nearly half an hour later when the currie again came into sight. Mr. Rivenhall, awaiting it with folded arms, had ample opportunity to observe with what precision his cousin rounded the corner and how well she handled the reins and whip, but he did not appear to be much gratified.

Miss Stanton-Lacy, pulling up exactly abreast of him, said cheerfully: "I beg pardon. I have kept you waiting! The thing is that I do not know my way about London, and became quite lost, and was obliged to inquire the direction no fewer than three times. But where is your groom?"

"I have sent him home!" replied Mr. Rivenhall.

HER expressive eyes brimful of amusement, Sophy looked down approvingly at her cousin. "How very right of you," she declared. "I like a man to think of everything. You could never have quarrelled with me really well with that man standing up behind us and overhearing every word we uttered."

"How dared you drive my horses?" demanded Mr. Rivenhall thunderously. He mounted into his seat and snapped: "Give me the reins at once!"

She relinquished them, and also the whip, but said disarmingly: "To be sure, that was not very well-done of me, but you will own that there was no bearing your conduct in talking to me as though I were a silly child scarcely able to drive a donkey."

Mr. Rivenhall's impatient mouth was once more set so rigidly that there seemed to be no likelihood of his owning anything at all.

"At least admit that I am able to handle your pair!" said Sophy.

"Well for you that I had taken the edge off them!" he retorted.

"How ungenerous of you!" said Sophy.

It was indeed ungenerous, and he knew it. He said furiously: "Driving about the City with not even a groom beside you! Very pretty behaviour, upon my word! It is a pity you have not a little more conduct, cousin! Or are these Portuguese manners?"

Sophy laughed suddenly. "Oh, don't be so out of reason, cousin!" she begged. "You know very well your horses have taken no sort of hurt! Will you put me in the way of choosing a pair for my own use?"

"I will have nothing whatsoever to do with such a mad project!" he said harshly.

Sophy took this with equanimity. "Very well," she said. "Perhaps it would suit you better to find an eligible husband for me. I am very willing, and I understand that you have some talent in that."

"Have you no delicacy of mind?" demanded Mr. Rivenhall.

"Yes, indeed! But with you, my dear cousin, I know I need have no reserve. Do, pray, find me an eligible husband! I am not at all nice in my notions, and shall be satisfied with the barest modicum of virtues in my partner."

"Nothing," stated Mr. Rivenhall, showing his cousin, as he swirled round the corner into the Haymarket, how to drive to an inch, "would afford me greater satisfaction than to see you married to some man who would know how to control your extraordinary quirks!"

"Very creditably performed!" approved Sophy. "But how would it have been if some dog had strayed into the road or a poor soul had crossed the street at that moment?"

Mr. Rivenhall's sense of humor betrayed him. He was obliged to bite back a laugh before replying: "I find it a marvellous circumstance, cousin, that no one has yet strangled you!"

He found that he had lost his cousin's attention. Her head was turned away from him and before he could discover what object of interest had caught her eye she had said quickly: "Oh, if you please, would you stop? I have seen an old acquaintance!"

He complied with this request, and then saw, too late, who was walking down the street towards them. There could be no mistaking that graceful figure or those guinea-gold locks, revealed by the doffing of a curly-brimmed beaver.

Mr. Augustus Fawnhope, perceiving that the lady in the currie was waving a hand in his direction, halted, took off his hat, and stood with it in his hand, gazing inquiringly up at Sophy.

He was indeed a beautiful young man. His hair waved naturally from a brow of alabaster; his eyes were of a deep blue, a little dreamy, but so exquisitely set under arched brows, of such size and brilliance as to defy criticism; his mouth was moulded in curves to set a sculptor groping for the tools of his art.

He obviously had not the faintest idea of the identity of the lady stretching down her hand to him in so friendly a fashion. However, he took it in his and said: "How do you do in his soft, vague voice."

"Brussels," said Sophy helpfully. "We danced the quadrille at the Duchess of Richmond's ball, do you remember? Oh, are you acquainted with my cousin, Mr. Rivenhall? You must know that I am staying with my aunt, in Berkeley Square, for the season. You must come to call upon us: I know she will be delighted!"

"Of course I remember!" said Mr. Fawnhope, with less truth than good manners. "Enchanting to meet again, ma'am—and so unexpectedly! I shall certainly do myself the pleasure of calling in Berkeley Square."

He bowed and stepped back. The greys, to whom Mr. Rivenhall's impatience had communicated itself, bounded forward. Mr. Rivenhall said: "I hope he will have contrived to recall your name before he avails himself of your invitation to visit you."

Her lips twitched, but she replied with perfect composure: "Depend upon it, if he does not he will find someone to tell him what it is."

"You are shameless!" he said angrily. "Let me tell you, my dear cousin, that I should be better pleased if you would refrain from meddling in the affairs of my family! If you imagine I will permit that puppy to marry my sister you

have yet something to learn of me!"

"Pooh!" said Sophy. "Mind your horses, Charles, and don't talk fustian to me!"

"Pretty well, for one morning's work!" said Sophy.

Mr. Rivenhall was less satisfied. His mother was so dismayed to discover that so far from having taken a liking to his cousin he was appalled to think that they might be obliged to house her for months.

"Good gracious, Charles!" said Lady Ombersley. "What in the world has she done to put you out?"

He declined to answer merely saying that Sophy was pert, headstrong, and so badly brought up that he doubted whether any man would be fit enough to offer for her. His mother refrained from inquiring further into Sophy's iniquities, but instead tried to suggest that it was a prelude to finding a husband for her she should be allowed to give an evening party, with dancing.

"I do not mean a large affair," she hastened to add. "Perhaps ten couples, or so, in the drawing-room!"

"By all means!" he said. "That will make it quite necessary for you to invite young Fawnhope!"

"Oh, quite!" she agreed. "I should warn you, Mama, he said, 'That you encounter him this morning! My cousin greeted him as an old acquaintance, and begged him to call on me here!'"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lady Ombersley. "How very unfortunate, to be sure! But I don't say she does know him, Charles, for she was with your uncle at Brussels last year."

"She!" said Charles witheringly. "He had no more notion who she was than the Emperor of China! But he will certainly call! I must leave you to this with that, ma'am!"

With these very unfair words he strode out of his mother's room, leaving her to wonder what way he supposed her to be able to deal with a monster call paid by a young man of unexceptionable birth, who was the son of one of her aunts' friends.

She came to the conclusion that he had no more idea of her, and banished the matter from her mind, bending it instead to the far more pleasant problem of whom to invite to the first party she had held in two months.

She was presently interrupted by the entrance of her niece, Remembering Charles' words, she asked Sophy with an assumption of severity what she had done to vex him. Sophy laughed, and almost snarled by replying that she had done nothing but steal his currie and tool it round the City for half an hour.

"Sophy!" gasped her ladyship. "Charles' greys? You could never hold them!"

"To own the truth, she admitted Sophy, 'I had the devil's own work to do so! Oh, I beg your pardon! I did not mean to say that, dearest Aunt Letty. Don't scold! It comes of living with Sir Horace: I know I am the most shocking thing he does to try to mind my wretched tongue! No, and do not let Charles' pets another thought. He will come about presently. I daresay if he had not engaged himself to marry this tedious girl he would not be so stuffy!"

"Oh, Sophy!" said Lady Ombersley involuntarily. "I cannot like Miss Wrenn as I will!"

"Like her! I should think not indeed!" exclaimed Sophy. "Yes, but one should, Lady Ombersley unhesitatingly said. 'She is so very good, and I

To page 56

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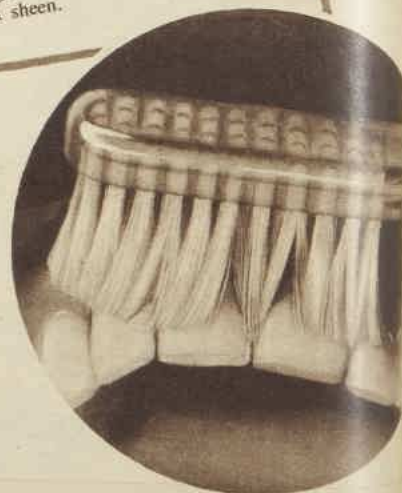


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ANOTHER ADDIS PRODUCT — THE NEW WISDOM FLEXI-BRUSH

Jack Solomons tells story of his life

Talks of fights and fish over breakfast

A man who himself has fought only three fights, two won and one lost, and is one of the world's leading fight promoters, is making his first visit to Australia.

He is Jack Solomons who is looking over Australian boxers to discover talent for Empire Title fights.

WHEN his manager, Sam Burns, told me the boss was so busy I would have to "come to breakfast" to get my interview, I wondered what kind of a fellow this fight king would be.

In the hotel lobby the porter told me that Jack Solomons' suite was on the third floor. "He's a big shot," the porter said. "Looks like a Yank. When he talks he sounds like a Cockney."

After having sat through the shaving of the fight king (he hasn't shaved himself for 20 years) and had breakfast with him, I am convinced he is perhaps one of the jolliest big-shot and toughest businessmen I have ever met.

I apologised for interviewing Mr. Solomons while he was being shaved, but he waved it aside.

Early start

"I HOLD my Press conferences in London at my office every morning while I am being shaved," he said. "It takes half an hour and gives the newspapers their stories early. Don't I, Sam?"

"Yes," said Sam, who said he had to shave himself because he couldn't afford to pay a barber.

Sam, fussing round Mr. Solomons taking his breakfast order, was dressed in an athletic singlet and grey slacks. He told me later he had been a boxer once.

"Call me Sam," Sam said in a friendly way.

"This is Dave," he said introducing Mr. Solomons' travelling companion, well-known English bookmaker David Dejong.

"He's a famous bookie—50 to 1 on anything."

Jack Solomons, who is 52, when he is fussy about his clothes and he used to be famous for his big cigar.

"The doctor has forbidden cigars and that's why Dave is always getting the 'How do you do, Mr. Solomons' while I just get a nod," he said introducing Dave, who is fat and round-barred, too.

While the barber wielded a big cut-throat razor Mr. Solomons told me he promotes all the world title fights.

"Have you read my book?" he asked, tossing a brightly covered volume into my lap. The title was "Jack Solomons Tells All."

"I've come to Australia to look around," he said, "but I won't be promoting any fights here, I'll just nose round."

Mr. Solomons told me that the Duke of Edinburgh has done a lot for the prestige of boxing in London.

"He comes to the world title fights held in June," he said. "The Duke is charming and easy to know. As well, he is a good critic of boxing because of his excellent knowledge of the sport."

"I've met him several times and within five minutes it's like you've known him all your life."

"Wonderful fellow," he added.

A rather solemn-looking man in dark grey with a black bag entered the room as Mr. Solomons finished being shaved.

"Morning, doc," Mr. Solomons said, and sat on the bed while the doctor pummelled his chest.

"Don't go," Sam said, as I backed towards the door, "he won't be long, but the boss

By
SHEILA PATRICK,
staff reporter

has had a touch of flu and he has his daily check."

"I am a self-made man," Mr. Solomons told me as we sat down to breakfast. "I started working at 10 as a fishmonger's assistant."

"At 12 I had my own fish stand and at 14 went on a tour of Holland buying fish."

"All by yourself?"

"Of course. All over Holland, and bought a lot of good fish, too."

Several telegrams were delivered during breakfast and three phone calls and a trunk call from Melbourne interrupted our meal.

I poured some coffee for Mr. Solomons. "Careful there with that coffee, lots of milk for the boss, only a dash of coffee, just a dash. It must be weak," Sam said.

Continuing his life story Mr. Solomons told me he was married at 19. Although he had started out on his boxing career and had already had three fights, his wife, Fay, put her foot down and decreed no more boxing.

"So I went back to fish-mongering and it was not until 1931 that I promoted my first fight," he said.

Jack Solomons has promoted thousands of fights, but his most thrilling one was the Freddy Mills (England)-Gus Lesnevich (America) fight for the World Light



WEARING A BRIGHT BLUE SATIN DRESSING-GOWN over fawn satin pyjamas and pigskin slippers, world-famous boxing promoter Jack Solomons has passionfruit and cream, buttered toast, and very weak milk coffee for breakfast.

Heavyweight Title in 1945. The American won.

"The Turpin-Robinson fight last year was a great thrill, too," he said. "And I've also had some disappointments. The biggest disappointment was the World Flyweight Title in which I lost £9600, in 1948."

I asked Mr. Solomons what he thought of boxing in Australia and our fight boys here.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'm sticking my neck out, but your fight game here is in a terrible mess."

"You have no boxing commission like most countries, especially England. Anyone can call himself a boxer, promoter, or a trainer without restriction in Australia."

"Free for all"

"NOW take your boy Jimmy Carruthers, he's world class and has a world title, but if anyone comes to Australia to fight him for that title the rest of the world won't think too much of that fight because you have no commission. Boxing in this country is a free for all."

"Don't think I'm being super critical," he continued, "but these are the facts:

"You have some mighty fine fighters here, and I think it is a shame you don't run your fight game on world standards."

As I didn't know what these world standards are, Mr. Solomons explained that in England and many other countries boxing is run by a commission of leading citizens who are not financially interested in the game.

Boxers, trainers, promoters, and everyone connected with boxing must be licensed and a boxer has to pass a medical test and a committee interview before he gets his licence.

If a boxer loses four fights in a row, he is called before the committee before he can fight a fifth fight.

Mr. Solomons explained that in England fighters are never weighed in by referees before a fight.

Inspectors attend every fight and weigh the boxers.

"Australia will never be on the map as far as boxing is concerned, in spite of her excellent fighters, until she puts her boxing on the same footing as horse racing and other big sports," he added.

Business risks

"DO promoters get a percentage in England?" I asked.

"No. The boxers get a guarantee and a percentage, the trainers and managers get percentages, but we promoters just get the left-overs," he said.

I asked Mr. Solomons exactly what a fight promoter did to promote a fight.

"A fight promoter takes all the risks," he told me. "He contacts the boxers in the first place, or if they are spoiling for a scrap they contact him," he said.

"He employs, and, of course, pays hundreds of people who work in connection with the contest."

"It is up to the promoter to get the publicity, arrange for broadcasts, and see that the fighters are good opponents."

"I have several stadiums for my fights, the biggest holds 50,000 people," Mr. Solomons said.

"These don't belong to me, I hire them at great expense," he added.

"If a promoter puts on a couple of bad fights he's done," he explained significantly.

"Isn't he, Sam?"

"Sure," said Sam, "finished," and he shook his head.

"It's a gamble for us," Mr. Solomons said. "I love a gamble, but only on things I know about."

"I have a little flutter on the horses, but on boxers, that's where I gamble."

"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!



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Is Your Child Exceptional?

Australian educationalists cannot agree on whether brighter-than-average children should get special attention at school. Some say they should, and others say they should not.

An interesting article on this important problem appears in the new February issue of A.M. It contains information that will interest all parents. For that reason, don't miss your copy of the

FEBRUARY A.M., NOW ON SALE



The choicest sunripened lemons, sweetened just right—that's Brooke's "Lemos". A little "Lemos" in a glass—fill with iced water or soda—the result a luscious and satisfying thirst quencher! Make "Lemos" your regular family fruit drink. "Lemos" is economical, too!



CHIUKI YONG ZAHRAH, Burmese cat owned by Mrs. C. Coldham, of Tattingstone, England, is the dean of his breed in Britain, where Burmese cats have recently been accepted as an established breed. Zahran is two and a half years old.

King of Britain's Burmese cats

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

Britain's most exclusive cat club is the recently formed Burmese Cat Club, with a membership of 25, including the uncrowned king of the Burmese there, Chiuki Yong Zahran.

THE Burmese cats have been granted a "breed number" by the Governing Council of the Cat Fanciers, which means they are now an established breed in Britain and can take their place at cat shows and other gatherings of aristocrats in the cat world.

One day a champion will be chosen. In the meantime, Chiuki Yong Zahran reigns unofficially, for he sired the third generation of Burmese cats in Britain, thus qualifying their breed for a number and place in the cat hierarchy.

Zahran is two and a half years old and belongs to Mrs. C. Coldham, of Tattingstone, near Ipswich. He is insured for £45.

According to his mistress, he is "a fascinating, affectionate, one-person cat, yet friendly to everyone. He has a terrific voice—like a crow—is hardy, with a coat like well-polished mahogany, and amber-colored eyes."

Zahran was born in England. His mother was one of three Burmese cats—one male and two females—brought from the United States in exchange for two Abyssinian

cats. She died, but Zahran grew to be a healthy, happy Burmese, suffering only one slight attack of cat flu in his kittenhood.

"He has sired several beautiful litters," Mrs. Coldham told me. "The first was by a United States champion, Laila Cheli War, one of the Burmese which arrived in Britain with Zahran's mother."

This litter was televised at the Crystal Cat Show at Olympia, London, in October, 1951. It attracted cat-lovers from all over England.

There is an enormous demand for the beautiful all-brown Burmese. But they are not easy to rear.

"Until they are fully assimilated they should live in an even temperature and not be allowed to go out in the rain or damp," Zahran's mistress said.

Mrs. Sydney France, who swapped the two Abyssinian cats for the three Burmese and who owns Cheli, brought up litters in the airing cupboard.

Lady Aberconway will be the first president of the new Burmese Cat Club. Her present to the club will be a Burmese cat she is importing from America.

"We are anxious to bring in a new strain," Mrs. France told me.

"Burmese cats are gentle animals, not like the Siamese, which I also breed. They are fascinating from kittenhood.

"They are born calico and gradually their color deepens to mahogany. When fully grown they have a deep chocolate coat like sable all over."

Mrs. France's husband, Sydney W. France, brings out a paper, "Your Cats and Mine."

The paper has a world circulation, with a large correspondence from cat-lovers and a stack of pictures of pet cats.

"We have had many enquiries for Burmese cats from Australia, but we haven't any to spare yet," Mr. and Mrs. France said.

Importing Burmese cats from America is—by cat prices—expensive. In 1951 it costs £50 for a cat, £25 air-freight, and £25 for a month's quarantine.



ZAHRAH IN TYPICAL STANCE. Burmese cats have a panther walk, with shoulder-blades higher than their haunches. They are slimmer and have smaller bones than Siamese cats, and their eyes are golden, varying in depth of color according to different lights.

CORONATION CONTEST

Court photographer makes glamor offer

The famous Dorothy Wilding studio, official photographers to the Queen, has offered to photograph the winner of our Coronation Tour Contest and a companion during their visit to London.

THIS new offer is another exciting event in the glamorous programme already arranged for the winner.

The contest closed on January 16. Judging of the huge number of entries is still going on.

Below are further £10 progress awards.

Most wonderful day of my life

TWENTY-FIVE years ago my husband and I were stationed at Goodenough Island, New Guinea. We were medical missionaries.

One morning a band of wild bushmen came in with a few pigs, a tin mug, and native gifts and ends. They wanted to buy a missionary.

"He will heal our wounds and make us well," they said. Several months passed and we took a native teacher to them by launch.

When we came to the village the sorcerer had been at work. He had heard of the new missionary and knew he would be put out of trade.

He had crept up with his poisoned leaves, placed a few on the smouldering embers of their fires, then left the fumes to do the rest.

The entire village was wiped out. The people had slept themselves to death.

Two men had been away hunting. On their return they found a dead village. They found the poisoned leaves and knew what had happened.

They traced footprints to the sorcerer's hut, but could do nothing because of fear. The natives we had with us were very frightened.

We pushed on to another village, after coming so far. One by one our followers dropped back until only two of our boys remained.

We pushed on—a stillness and quiet spread over all. The tall grass on either side could be full of warriors, but we went on until we came to a village. No one was in sight.

On a group of stones sat four old men. There wasn't a woman or a child in sight. This is always a sign of war.

Suddenly the men leapt up, sniffing the air with their slit noses. Then they threw themselves down on the ground, pressing their ear-holes to the ground (their ears had been cut off). Someone is coming, we thought. We heard strange bird calls which were immediately answered.

Now we could hear someone running, and suddenly a crippled native stumbled into the village.

"You can't kill these people," gasped the new-

comer, "see what they have done for me." He held up his foot. Two toes were missing.

He had been a bad case of yaws and leprosy and we had healed him with injections.

"They will do the same for you if you spare them," said the healed man.

The bird calls stopped and out of the tall grasses poured scores of painted warriors, armed with spears. Women and children flocked round us. "Oh Father of Medicine, heal us," they said.

We set up our medical kit and injections were the order of the day.

Our hands were shaky and our nerves on edge, but what a victory! An entire village won over to the missionaries.

£10 to Mrs. A. WATERS, 36a Government Rd., Weston, N.S.W.

The Queen comes to tea

"GRAN! Gran! What's cooking?" "Scones, my boy, scones fit for the Queen." "Give us one, Gran, we're starving." "Gee, Geof, didn't you bowl 'em good this afternoon, ain't these scones good!"

"Hi! Hi! Pop, look what's coming. It's stopping at the gate. Look, Gran, it has the Royal Standard on its bonnet."

From the foregoing you may be sure that there was quite a commotion in the home of Old Mac and his wife, but the old couple had been in many tight corners during their three score years and ten.

The old lady calmly wiped her hands on her apron and curtsied to Her Majesty while Old Mac bowed with due reverence notwithstanding all the protests from his screwmatty joints.

The old lady then said to her husband, "Get a chair for Her Majesty." "Please excuse me—I have a batch of scones in the oven." The Queen said, "Wonderful! Can I come and watch you?"

After the scones had been taken from the oven, the kettle attended to, the Queen told her two children to go out on the lawn with the twins. "I have a duty to do and that is to present a Token of Remembrance on November 11 to the mother of every serviceman who fought in the Battle of Britain," she said to the old couple.

With that she opened her handbag and drew out a card embossed with the Royal Coat of Arms on which was inscribed "A Token of Remembrance and Thanks from the Sovereign, the Parliament, and the Peoples of the British Com-



THE SHAKESPEARE HOTEL at Stratford-upon-Avon, where the winner of our Coronation Contest and a companion will stay overnight while touring the Shakespeare country.

monwealth for services rendered."

The old couple were completely taken by surprise both at the beauty of the memento and the manner of presentation, but the old gentleman was the first to recover his composure and said, "Will Your Majesty please come into the front room and put the card on our boy's picture, for, indeed, it was he who served, we are only his parents."

The Queen followed the old man into the front room. The Queen curtsied and placed the card in front of the boy's picture and said, "Thanks be to God who giveth the victory."

Presently the kettle was boiling, the table set with the best, with plates piled high with scones. The old gent called the children, who accommodated themselves as best they could in the little kitchen.

The old lady poured out the tea with that regal grace of one who knows she is queen of her own household.

£10 to MR. WILLIAM McCULLOUGH, 8 Roe St., Griffith via Kingston, Canberra, A.C.T.

Imaginary conversation

ELIZABETH I: I know that this is London, but how changed!

ELIZABETH II: Much time has passed since you ruled here.

Elizabeth I: 'Tis true; but what has happened?

Elizabeth II: London has grown.

Elizabeth I: Grown! It has swallowed up the country-side. It frightens me. What's that great thing above the roof-tops there?

Elizabeth II: St. Paul's. To many of us, that is London; that great dome that dominates all else.

Elizabeth I: Dome? St. Paul's has none! That's where St. Paul's should be, but where's the spire, the great spire of St. Paul's? 'Tis that makes London London.

Elizabeth II: The old St. Paul's is gone, burnt down in the Great Fire. This is another.

Elizabeth I: What! Did London burn? In your day?

Elizabeth II: Yes; but that was not when old St. Paul's was burnt. That happened long ago. We nearly lost the new one in the war, though.

Elizabeth I: But how? An enemy in London? Had you no ships? My sailors saved us from invasion.

Elizabeth II: And so did ours. But we were not invaded.

Elizabeth I: The people fired the city then? An insurrection? I had that danger, too.

Elizabeth II: You cannot understand; for since you rode to Tilbury to review your troops, warfare has changed. We faced invasion, too, but not by sea. This enemy came by air, in fleets of battle-planes that sought to smash us to surrender, but in vain.

Elizabeth I: You warm my heart! I know not what you mean by planes, nor how they rode the air; but, in your voice I hear myself again calling to Englishmen, the day the beacons blazed, to tell that Spain's Armada was abroad.

Elizabeth II: Both times we looked disaster in the eyes, but held straight on, and won. But 'twas not I that rallied England then. My father, it was, and Churchill; for I was but a child.

Elizabeth I: But of the self-same spirit, that I see, Churchill? The name is new to me. Yet families come and go. The stock they spring from is the same, it seems.

Elizabeth II: We fought indeed, for life itself, in those dark days.

Elizabeth I: And won! And so did we. The trumpets blared, and men came forth with what they had; but battle was not joined on English soil. My seamen saw to that.

Elizabeth II: Ours also kept the seas. Hence came the air invasion. But beardless boys then rode the skies, and smashed the air armada.

Elizabeth I: Your London's new, but not your men! Yet do I mourn the old St. Paul's.

£10 to MRS. A. MARY GILBERT, The Rectory, Violet Town, Vic.

silkier, softer,
**MORE Natural
LOOKING CURLS**
that defy dampness, sun,
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A Wave you can Set and Forget

And for very good reasons, too! Only the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent has such a gentle, yet effective Creme Waving Lotion... it really does give you softer, more manageable, more natural-looking curls and waves than any other home permanent! And only Richard Hudnut Home Permanent has Neutraliser Booster. This Richard Hudnut discovery not only keeps those exquisitely feminine waves lovelier much longer, but—and this is so important—restores hair to its naturally healthy state, preserves it, cherishes it, gives you curls so soft yet so strong that they come back even prettier after a shampoo! So, for a home wave that's... well, just thrilling... that's as natural-as-can-be, use the economical Richard Hudnut Home Permanent Refill which contains everything you need except the plastic curlers. At all chemists and selected department stores.



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SPORTSWOMEN ARE NO JOKE

Fifty years ago the sportswoman was a favorite butt of cartoonists and comic writers. To-day the situation has changed.

Women's athletic performances to-day beat men's records of half a century ago, and they often make more money as professional than most of their male rivals.

You can read a comprehensive and informative article about the rise of women's sport and the achievements of its stars in the new

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GIVE THEM THAT MAGIC 'TOUCH' THAT MAKES ANY SALAD **Super!**



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Add a dash of any one of these five famous PMU sauces to your cold meat dishes... and see what a marvellous difference it makes! Each one expertly chef-blended to an original recipe... and made from fine, imported herbs and spices! Each one a zestful, appetising delight that costs only a fraction of a penny per meal! From good grocers everywhere.



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If you've enjoyed PMU's famous Worcestershire Sauce you'll also appreciate the spicy flavour and tangy taste of PMU Fruit Chutney and PMU Sweet Indian Chutney! Ask also for PMU Processed Peas! And remember—PMU Lemon Butter makes the perfect sandwich spread for kiddies' lunches!

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YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by BETTY BEST

Home girls get praise—play girls have glamor



FORTUNATELY for girls, boys have as varied a taste in dates as they have in neckties.

TAKE Max, for example. He's a salesman, aged 18:

"I often make a play for the domestic type because she's easier to push around," he said. "Of course I go for the beautiful blondes too, but they're a bit harder to handle. And then you've got to look ahead."

"In a few years' time I'll be wanting to get married. I'd certainly pick a home girl for that because she wouldn't try to stand over you all the time and want so much money for dresses and things."

"And from what I've seen already, I'm sure she'd be more understanding if you went out for a night with the boys—which I certainly want to do every now and again."

EDWARD, who is 17, and an articled clerk, has a very good reason for preferring the home girl. His steady girl - friend, Miriam, is very keen on cooking and by far prefers staying at home to going to parties.

"I'd rather be with Miriam than all the other girls I know because she's so wonderful to me," said Edward. "She knows all my favorite meals and practises cooking them until they're perfect, which I think is a great compliment."

"And last birthday she knitted me a beautiful football sweater."

ON the side of the play girls is 18-year-old Dick, an apprentice commercial artist who likes to have a big circle of girl friends to choose from.

"There are hundreds of reasons why the play girl is more fun than the stick-in-the-mud home type," he said. "To begin with she has plenty of topics of conversation and can keep the ball rolling at any time."

"At a party she is the one who stops everybody getting bored. By being gay and good fun she keeps the rest of the slow-coaches awake."

"She's usually got a good dress sense and knows how to make the best of her appearance, which means that you feel proud of taking her out. And you can take her anywhere, too, because she knows how to behave in a crowd."

"Let's say you walk into a restaurant with her; well, you don't have that awful feeling of

embarrassment that she might let you down because she's not used to it."

"And another thing: She's not necessarily empty-headed as some people think. If she's got around a bit you can be sure there must be something in her head or she wouldn't keep getting asked out. People would never find out that she was all looks and be lame after the first date or so."

"I know a lot of home girls might think she's a bit catty because she sounds it in some of her opinions, but I find that sort of chatter rather amusing."

"She's not so good as a steady because she loves being fashionably late. The trouble is that she is so often in demand that she can usually get away with it."

"But you can't have everything."

"Also, if she's so sure of herself she's inclined to be a bit rude to people if they don't agree with her. All the same I'd rather have that someone than the girl who hasn't anything to say or bashes you on the night about her brother."

ALAN is against the home girl because he doesn't like to spend his free nights going to other people's houses and sitting at talking to their parents.

"I think the home girl is pretty dull," Alan said. "She has spent so much time at home with the family that she isn't very interested in other people and their ideas."

"That makes it much harder for her to mix and much harder for you to introduce her to your friends."

"She's usually a rotten dancer, and because she hasn't seen many films her judgment is not so good, and she always wants to go to one you don't like."

"She's not the outdoor type, either, so she gets bored if you take her to the cricket or want her to be a member of a sailing-boat crew. If she's willing to try, she often makes a lot of you by being hopeless at it."

"All the home girls I've ever met are members of fairly large families and their parents are crawling with awful little youngsters who get in the way the minute you get alone with the girl. So even if she had anything to say you wouldn't hear it anyway."

"Perhaps the home girl wouldn't seem so bad when you get older—say about 40—and don't want to lead such a vigorous life."

WITH releases from such recording veterans as Reginald Dixon, Victor Silvester, Charlie Kunz, and Vera Lynn, I'm inclined to think this must be Old Timers' Week.

VERA leads the parade with her third hit in succession, "The Homing Waltz" (Y6422), coupled with "By The Fireside." The Sweetheart of the Forces has developed with the years, but the others are exactly the same as ever. Dixon has an agreeable "Tango Medley" of old favorites such as "Jealousy" and "Cumparsita" on DO3522; Silvester caters for sedate dance fans on DO3538 with "Me And

DISC DIGEST

My Shadow" plus "Why Do They Always Say No?"; and pianist Kunz offers a "Show Boat Selection" on Y6413 which is assured of a good reception following the recent screening of this tuneful Jerome Kern musical play.

COWBOY artist Roy Rogers, who appears with Bob Hope in "Son of Paleface," has waxed two of his songs from the film for H.M.V. on EA4098: "A Four Legged Friend" and "There's A Cloud In My Valley of Sunshine." Neither sets my prairie

on fire, although "Cloud" will please many who enjoy lonesome and-saddle tunes.

MOST unusual issue is "Go Your Paper" by Edna Fisher. This newsboy's song is fast-moving, dramatic, and might easily fit into a sophisticated revue or a Gene Kelly dance sequence. The lyrics are based on newspaper headlines of this restless age. Fisher's style is shown for greater popular appeal in the backing to EA4096, "The Hand of Fate," an easy-going slow number of moderate interest well played by Bill Winterhalter and His Orchestra. —BERNARD FLETCHER



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SALMON SALAD CUPS

1 can (16 ozs.) Greenseas Salmon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad dressing, 3 large tomatoes, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, salad vegetables.

METHOD: Drain and flake salmon. Combine with salad dressing. Wash tomatoes and halve. Scoop pulp from tomatoes, keeping shell intact. (The pulp may be used with the salad or in another dish.) Fill each tomato half with salmon mixture and garnish with chopped parsley. Serve on lettuce leaves with salad vegetables.



QUICK SALMON PIE

1 lb. mashed potatoes, 1 can (16 ozs.) Greenseas Salmon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup browned breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter or margarine.

METHOD: Cream potatoes well till light and fluffy, adding a little shortening and milk as required. Flavour with pepper and salt to taste. Arrange in a border around a 9" pie plate or shallow casserole. Pile the salmon (lightly drained) in the centre and sprinkle with combined crumbs and cheese. Dot with the butter or margarine and bake in a hot oven to cook and brown.



MOULEED FISH LOAF

1 can (16 ozs.) Greenseas or Bass Fish Cutlets, 1 hard-boiled egg (sliced), 1 cup cooked peas (or other vegetables), 2 level dessertspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 level tablespoons sugar, salt, cold water.

METHOD: Dissolve gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water. Add sugar, stir till dissolved. Add lemon juice, vinegar, and take up to 1 pt. with cold water. Add salt to taste. Pour a thin layer of jelly in bottom of mould and when firm arrange sliced egg and peas to form a simple design. Cover with a little more jelly mixture and allow to set. Add flaked fish and peas to the remainder of jelly. When just beginning to jell mix well and pour into mould. Place in refrigerator or ice-chest to set. When firm turn onto serving plate and garnish with salad vegetables.

(Not illustrated)

GOLDEN FISH PUFFS

1 can (16 ozs.) Greenseas or Bass Fish Cutlets, 1 cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 cup liquor from fish, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

METHOD: Sift flour, salt and pepper. Gradually add beaten egg then milk and fish liquor, beating to a smooth batter. Add flaked fish and parsley. Drop in dessertspoons or deep hot fat and fry till golden brown. Drain on paper and serve hot with vegetables as desired.



FISH CAKES with Barbecue Sauce

1 can (16 ozs.) Greenseas or Bass Fish Cutlets, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups mashed potato, 1 egg (small), 1 small onion minced, 1 teaspoon vinegar, salt and cayenne to taste, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

METHOD: Combine potato, onion and parsley. Add beaten egg and vinegar. Mix in fish (drained and flaked). Season to taste and cool. Shape into cakes on floured board and place on greased baking dish. Top each cake with Barbecue Sauce, and bake in a moderate oven 15-20 minutes.

BARBECUE SAUCE. Combine— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire Sauce, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed mustard.

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THE BEST OF THE FISH IN EVERY CAN

Bequest assists migrants in Australia

£50 grant comes from trust fund left by English mayor

A generous bequest made by an Englishman who died 26 years ago is now helping migrants to come to Australia. He was Alderman Ben Harry Went Tree, former Mayor of Hastings, Kent. He left a fund to provide a grant of £50 a head to help people settle in any part of the British Commonwealth.

UNDER the terms of Alderman Tree's will, migrants are eligible for the grant only if they can prove descent from people who lived in Hastings in or before 1880.

In addition to individuals, migrant families are eligible for the grant. The maximum amount that can be paid to one family is £150.

Although Alderman Tree died in 1927, payment of the grants was delayed because of litigation over his will, and the war.

The grant is paid to the migrants when they arrive in the country in which they have chosen to settle.

Australia heads the list of countries to which Hastings people want to migrate, with Canada second, and New Zealand third.

One of the first in Australia to get the grant is Joyce Fordham, 25, who lived at Robertsbridge, 15 miles outside Hastings.

Joyce, a trained nurse, said she wanted to come to Australia for years because it was the longest trip she could make and she wanted to see a lot of the world.

Because her mother's family had lived in Hastings for many generations, she found she was eligible for £50 as soon as she landed in Australia.

Soon afterwards she applied



HAPPILY SETTLED in a new land are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Reeman, who are living with their baby daughter Ann at Herne Bay, N.S.W. Ann was born soon after her parents arrived in Australia. The Reemans received a grant from the Went Tree bequest.

for a job at King George V Memorial Hospital in Sydney, which had been advertised in a nurses' magazine in London.

"I was terribly thrilled when I landed the job," she said. "It meant that I had to drop the title of Sister and do an Australian obstetrics course—but it's a great chance to learn and see the country at the same time."

Joyce passed her final examinations at the King George V Memorial Hospital and is now a double-certified Sister. She works at

Greenvale Sanatorium near Melbourne.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Harman and their six-year-old son, Billy, are a family who benefited by the grant.

They had already planned to come to Australia when they first heard of the trust fund.

"My father saw the announcement of the Went Tree grant and wrote me suggesting that we apply," said Mr. Harman.

"At this stage we weren't living in Hastings, but the

trustees said we qualified because my mother was born in Hastings in 1880."

Recently he and his wife bought a prefabricated house at Miranda, N.S.W., and will move in this month. At present they are at Cabramatta.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Reeman, who are now living at Herne Bay, N.S.W., have also applied for the grant for their baby daughter, Ann, because her great-grandfather was born in Hastings before 1880. Ann was born only a week or so after her parents arrived in Australia.



OFF TO WORK. Mr. A. S. Harman says good-bye to his wife and their six-year-old son, Billy. They are a migrant family who are now living at Cabramatta, N.S.W.

fur news



Who's got Coronation Fever?

Dreaming of London, of boat trips and travel? Lucky YOU! But how are your wardrobe plans going? Taking the 'right' things is so important! Experienced travellers top their list with a really warm Lamb Coat. It's so poised, so good looking, so miraculously spot-proof. You can wear it anywhere, in the rain, sleet or fog, and it never looks bedraggled. As a Coronation Special, Cornelius are presenting a number of these magnificent Lamb Coats for only 19 gns. Brown or rosewood. Order yours now!

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"Re-modelling, reminds me..."

...of my old, skimpy fur coat. It was moth-eaten and patchy... and quite the family joke. Of course it had been a good fur once, but you know how fur goes after years of wear... I wouldn't have given 6d. for it. However, more in the spirit of fun than anything else, I took it along to Cornelius. Wizards! Those remodelling experts are utter geni! Who'd guess this luxurious cape was once that horrid coat! They matched the good pieces of fur, cleaned, re-vitalized and dyed them to look like brand new pelts. If you've an old fur, take my tip and go along this week. Remodelling is so inexpensive!



winter model by Henderson Hux



4way
FOX STOLE

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Wear it tied like a collar or loosely like a stole... wear it jacket-wise as photographed, or framing your bare shoulders for evening. This luxurious imported fox fur can play a dozen glamorous tricks with your basic winter wardrobe. It makes the plainest clothes look so expensive! And only deep, fluffy fox can make you look so pretty. In pale Canadian Honey Fox, deep, golden Cross Fox, and Russian Sable Fox for only 12 gns! Also in fabulous Arctic Fox, Platina, Silver Fox, Natural Blue and Blue-beige Scandinavian Fox for a few extra pounds.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - FEBRUARY 4, 1953

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WALDEC—the modern velvet-finish paint in soft pastels and deep colors—is the perfect foil for furniture, floor-coverings, draperies and personality. Its restful charm adds pleasure to everyday living.

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Color-treatment with Waldec—outside and inside—is the smart trend in distinguished homes of to-day. In new homes Waldec is the perfect color-medium for modern design; it can be applied with ease to interior walls of cement-rendered brick, giving charming results with a minimum of work and cost. Waldec-colored exterior walls are as modern as to-morrow.

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No need to tell you (or your menfolk) that the Sunday Telegraph is the best Sunday paper there is... packed with local and overseas news, sports, and the cream of feature stories. That's why there's always such a scramble for the first look... and usually the woman of the house comes a bad last! But now... here's the good news!

The Sunday Telegraph now contains a COMPLETE "LIFT-OUT" MAGAZINE especially for women.

This big, special supplement is lavishly illustrated, and contains all your favourite items plus many new and brilliant features.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE DEPARTMENTS

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New Women's Magazine

of the Sunday Telegraph

BE SURE TO ORDER THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT



VIENNESE SOPRANO Irmgard Seefried (above) in costume for a Mozart operatic role. At right, Seefried with her husband, Wolfgang Schneiderhan, the distinguished violinist. They will both feature in A.B.C. concerts next month.



Lovely singer's husband is famous, too

By
PETER HASTINGS,
of our New York
staff

Last year between acts of Mozart's "Magic Flute" at the Salzburg Festival, conductor Jan Kubelik said to the leading soprano: "If you think this is an appreciative audience you should go to Australia. I've just returned from there and I know."

THE soprano was the Viennese sensation Irmgard Seefried. Six months later when she had the opportunity of going to Australia with her violinist-husband, Wolfgang Schneiderhan, she jumped at it.

"I couldn't afford to miss the chance," she told me in her New York hotel suite just before rushing off to a concert. "After what Kubelik said I was determined to get to Australia."

Irmgard Seefried has been one of Europe's post-war musical sensations. Still in her twenties, she received her voice training in wartime Vienna.

"We had no food," she told me, "we had little fuel for fires or heating. Our beloved Vienna was just a gaunt, grey shell of battered buildings, churches, and palaces. But we had the opera house, we had people who valued music and good conversation above everything else, and somehow we pulled through."

In the immediate post-war years Irmgard, a flashing brunette beauty, who really looks as well as sings the part in her favorite Mozart operas, was an overnight success.

She first appeared in an opera season with the Vienna State Opera, one of the traditional homes of great soprano voices. A year later she was chosen for leading soprano roles in the Salzburg Festival productions.

For the past two years Irm-

gard has appeared in opera and as soprano soloist at the Edinburgh Festival, which she carried by storm.

In her own words: "Even the phlegmatic English rose on the tip points of their toes."

She has just finished a fast-moving, highly successful U.S. tour during which her Press notices, including those of the reserved New York "Times," have lavished more praise on her than on anybody since the youthful Lotte Lehmann first toured America.

What did it feel like to be so amazingly successful while so young?

"It feels like nothing very much," she said. "I have not worried much about the success

or career and surprisingly success has just come overnight. Worry about success is no good. There are other and more important things."

Such as?

"Such as my husband, my three-year-old daughter, and my home, family, and friends in Vienna."

"Life in Vienna can be very gay. I like Vienna cafe life, good wine, good talk, and good music. But above all I like my life with my husband and our child. That is the real life for me."

The Schneiderhans have had rare good luck. Married in Vienna in 1946, they are both first-rank artists and have managed to make a joint career fit in with a happy home life.

"We are not jealous of each other," said Irmgard.

Wolfgang Schneiderhan, a top violinist, has appeared as soloist with every major European orchestra and has recorded under Furtwaengler,



SEEFRIED and her accompanist, Paul Ulanowsky, who will visit Australia with her. Another famous pianist, Gerald Moore, will accompany her husband, Wolfgang Schneiderhan.

Walter, Beecham, and Ben rolli.

Seefried's Australian tour will be short, starting at the Sydney Town Hall on March 4 and ending in mid-April.

Her husband will also tour some six weeks in Australia. He will play the Tchaikovsky, Brahms, and Beethoven violin concertos in addition to giving solo concerts.

Gerald Moore will accompany Schneiderhan, and Paul Ulanowsky will accompany Seefried.

"At one time we used to share the same accompanist," Mrs. Schneiderhan said. "Now we are both developing our own much and so differently. It is better to have separate accompanists."

"It is a tremendous business getting all four of us together for our various tours and requires a lot of hard work and planning."

"Just imagine. We leave Europe next February for Australia. We give concerts in Calcutta and Bombay on the way."

"In Australia we have heavily crowded schedules. As soon as I finish my tour leave for Japan. My husband will join me there with his accompanist."

"After Japan we return to Europe by way of South Africa, where we will also give concerts."

"As soon as I reach Vienna I must start practising and rehearsing for the Salzburg Festival. After the Festival I have engagements in Berlin, Rome, and Amsterdam."

"My husband has expected to appear in various European capitals at that time and we shall not see each other until we appear at the Edinburgh Festival."

"But when this year is over we will take a long holiday somewhere in Italy. Otherwise I'm afraid my daughter will even recognise me."

I asked Seefried how she stood up to the strain.

"It's easy," she replied, flashing a smile. "I am happy and we take our work seriously."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 4, 1947

When grandmama played basketball..



1893—Fore-runner of the hiking clubs of the modern Y.W.C.A., the Ramblers' Club, seen above at an "outing" in Albert Park, Melbourne. An extract from the club minutes reports luncheon "under the trees in gipsy fashion."



1909—A basketball team was formed—a daring step. Later, "Y" basketballers were prime movers in forming the Melbourne Basketball Association. In 1911, too, the "Wide Awake" Club was formed and men came to debates.

Sport over 70 years in the Y.W.C.A.

The Y.W.C.A. in Sydney, as in other Australian cities, has presented a cross section of the interests of girls and young women since about 1880.

PRESENT-DAY members have scores of educational and sporting classes and activities from which to choose.

In 1880 organised sport was not even thought of. It was introduced in the 1920's with a certain amount of headshaking among conservative members of the board.

Miss Isabel Nesbitt, now 67, joined the Y.W.C.A. in Sydney 50 years ago.

"In 1903 social evenings, sewing circles, clubs, and some classes were in full swing," Miss Nesbitt said, "but the most active occupation that young girls were encouraged in was debating."

"In 1912, however, we broke out with folk dancing," she added. "This was a big step. I remember our uniform was considered rather revolutionary. Under light blue tunics, which were quite short, we wore full saten bloomers."

"The classes were kept fairly small and were really only run for young ladies of leisure. There were no social workers in factories then, so

the association began to take an interest in the young girl workers. A cafeteria was opened in the heart of the warehouse area of the city so that girls could keep off the streets in their lunch-time. They could get sandwiches and a cup of tea for 3d."

In 1913 the first Outdoor Club and Ramblers' Club started. Later holiday camps were introduced and special clubs for swimming and rowing started.

The first move towards organised sport in the Sydney "Y" was made when Miss Elsie Bennet, who came from Melbourne, inaugurated an annual sports day and formed teams for introducing basketball, tennis, and hockey.

"Keep Fit" classes began in the early '20's and gym has always played a big part in the physical education programme since the present six-story Y.W.C.A. building was opened in 1926 in Liverpool Street.

Pictures on this page show the progress of sporting activities of the Y.W.C.A. in Sydney and Melbourne.



1938—Grecian dancing classes were popular. Mixed ball-room dancing was permitted in 1924, when a report stated that this problem must be faced to see that it was made a happy, healthy recreation under proper supervision.



1935—Two members of the first interstate baseball team which visited Melbourne from N.S.W. Girls played with the regulation hard ball instead of the soft ball more popular with girl baseball players to-day. Costumes, too, have changed.



1927—First sports day for the "Y" in Sydney drew teams from shops, factories, and offices. The girls wore colored blouses with royal-blue tunics, and competed in hockey, tennis, basketball, running, vigoro, and cricket.



1930—Fancy-dress hockey was a popular form of entertainment to liven up a not-too-serious local sports day. The old bit of snobbery—"hockey girls don't play basketball"—was as general with sports girls then as it is now.



1953—Flying high after her first year of training in apparatus gymnastics is Margaret McCall, 23, of Hurstville. Miriam Lord, 19, of Penshurst, and Daphne Neumann, 19, of Marrickville, watch Margaret do a flying pixie jump.

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Shirley Temple's favorite role

THERE is no name on the mailbox that stands outside a modest ranch-style house in River Road, Bethesda, the residential section of Washington, D.C., U.S.A., but a large amount of mail is delivered there every day. Most of it is for Mrs. Charles Alden Black, who 15 years ago was a curly-headed child film star named Shirley Temple.

Recently much of the mail consisted of get-well messages for the pretty, soft-spoken mother who was a long time recovering from the peritonitis, pleurisy, and other complications which followed the birth of her son, Charles Alden Black, jun., ten months ago. The Blacks lead what they like to call the "quiet country life." Every morning Shirley's husband, a naval reserve lieutenant-commander recalled to active duty, goes to his Pentagon job on the Chief of Naval Operations staff. Shirley rarely leaves the house. She has no help, so her hands are kept more than full caring for the children.

Everybody calls Charles Alden, jun., "Barton Sunday," a name given to him by his five-year-old half-sister, Linda Susan. (Only Susan knows the significance of the name Barton Sunday and she won't tell.)

The Blacks manage to avoid getting caught up in the Washington social whirl. They entertain little, and go out less. Shirley's most strenuous activity is cutting the lawn on their

two-and-a-quarter-acre plot. To help with the job, they have a tractor which pulls a set of mowers.

Shirley drives the tractor, with Susan sometimes riding on her lap, and it is there that she occasionally meets her public face to face.

Mrs. Black's favorite tale of life in Bethesda concerns the day she was out mowing the lawn when a woman drove up and called out: "Does Shirley Temple live here?"

"Nope," Shirley replied, keeping her face turned away.

"Do you know where she does live?"

"Nope," Shirley said again.

"Well, I know that Shirley Temple lives around here somewhere," the woman said haughtily. "You certainly don't seem to know much about your neighbors."

"Nope," Shirley said.

This desire to avoid attention is genuine. At present, the Blacks are merely waiting out Daddy's tour of duty, scheduled to end next May. After that they plan to beeline it back to their home in California.

Whether Black will pick up where he left off as a Los Angeles television account executive remains uncertain. But this much is sure: the Black family's future plans do not include any acting ventures, especially for Mother.

At 24, the star who captivated the world in such films as "Little Miss Marker" and "The Little Colonel" has found a new career. She is a young matron, the mother of two children, and the wife of a naval officer who loves her best in that role.



FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE. Charles Alden Black, jun., turns his back on the audience and snuggles into his mother's shoulder. Mrs. Black, the former Shirley Temple, cares for the baby herself, from bathing to mixing his bottle.



AT TEN MONTHS, Charles Black shows the same vicious personality that made his mother, Shirley Temple, a film idol. His father is a millionaire's son who married Shirley in December, 1950, after her divorce from John Agar.



LINDA SUSAN (left), aged 5, child of Shirley's previous marriage, to John Agar, considers her baby brother her own, but is content to let mother care for him. Linda calls him Barton Sunday.

PROUD FATHER (above) Lieut.-Commander Charles Black says hello to his son on his return from his day's work at the Pentagon, Washington, on the Chief of Naval Operations staff.

Fashion buyer's finds on Honolulu holiday

By SUE BARRIE, staff reporter

When Melbourne fashion expert Sheila Scotter returned from two weeks' holiday in Honolulu she brought the latest American blouses, Japanese beach slippers, and some unusual accessories which she predicts Australian women will adopt.

"THEY are all smart and practical and very suitable for the Australian climate," she said.

Among the accessories is a square basket handbag which is a miniature Hawaiian-style fisherman's cottage.



ALICE IN WONDERLAND headband is a practical idea for a scarf.



BLACK - AND - WHITE shortie gloves of American cotton for summer wear.

The front door is of colored felt. At the back midget washing hangs on a raffia clothes-line above a tiny garden, and sea-shells decorate the sides. The handbag opens at the "roof," where the fastenings are thumbnail-sized chimney pots.

A tall, elegant Englishwoman, Sheila Scotter came to Australia three and a half years ago as overseas fashion buyer for a Melbourne store. She is now in charge of couture and furs at another leading store where her first big job will be to design clothes for the Coronation.

In private life Sheila Scotter is Mrs. Alan McIntyre, wife of an airlines executive.

Trained as an aeronautical engineer at the Royal College of Aeronautical Engineering in London, Sheila worked for the British Air Ministry during the war and afterwards began her fashion career by modelling in London for Spectator Sports and Frederick Starke.

"I modelled just to get into the fashion world and learn how clothes were made," she said. "It was good experience for a career as a buyer and designer."

Since she came to Australia Miss Scotter has made three air trips to Britain and the Continent. The clothes she is designing for the Coronation

will be planned with an eye to easy travelling.

"Since many people will be going by air, I'm concentrating on clothes that are light and easily packed," she said. "Separates will be very important."

Miss Scotter considers that the first essentials in a Coronation travel wardrobe are one straight black skirt and one wide one to be worn with many different tops. She favors short evening dresses with just a few full-length gowns for formal functions.

Very much an individualist, Miss Scotter has definite ideas about fashion which she carries out in her own wardrobe.

She wears plain sophisticated clothes, a lot of black, black and white, or grey, with chartreuse or citron-yellow for color interest.

She likes the "covered-up look" this season, with high necklines and long, tight sleeves for day wear, and sleek, straight lines in evening gowns.

Miss Scotter expressed her love of interior decorating by designing her flat after a modern French painting by Dufy using subtle greens and strong chartreuse.

"I'm really a perfectionist in everything," she told me. "It's quite hard to be, but then I'm not very good at putting up with the mediocre."



DETACHABLE cuffs and collar of heavy white linen accent a cotton blouse.



NEW AMERICAN BLOUSE in black-and-white check gingham has big push-up Gibson Girl sleeves and a shirt collar. Sheila Scotter wears it with a Dior skirt.



JAPANESE TABIS for beach wear of bright yellow clip tightly above the ankle. They have flexible soles and are light, comfortable, and washable.

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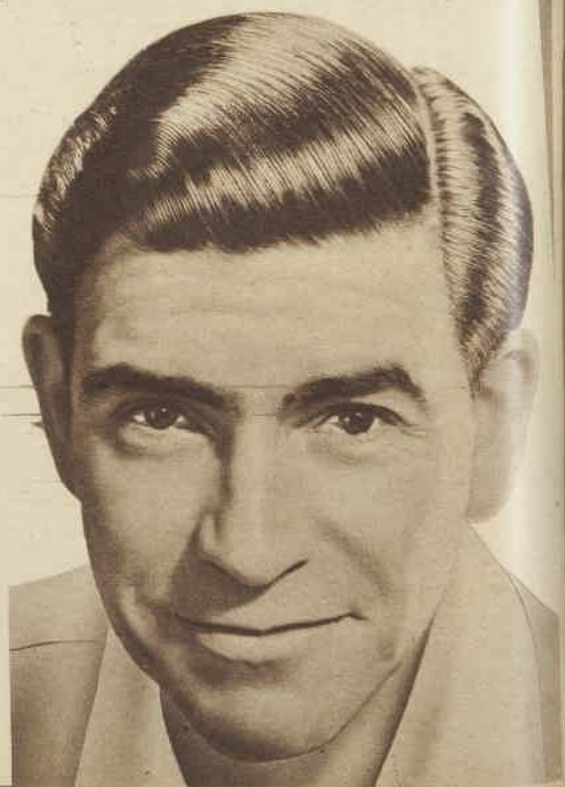
BRYLCREEM set the fashion for clean grooming

BECAUSE

BRYLCREEM contains no gum, no soap, no spirit, no starch—it gives life to dry hair.



It pays to use Brylcreem—pays handsomely. Massage with Brylcreem ensures a clean, healthy scalp which is essential to vigorous hair growth. The pure, natural oils and tonic ingredients in Brylcreem check dryness and groom the hair cleanly without excessive oiliness. Ask for Brylcreem, the perfect hairdressing.





BETTY HUTTON

Lavish technicolor musical "Somebody Loves Me" (Paramount) stars Betty Hutton in the role of old-time American vaudeville star Blossom Seeley. Co-star is Ralph Meeker (above, centre) as Blossom's partner and husband, Benny Fields. The film shows how Blossom started out as a singer in small-time nightclubs and became a theatre star with the assistance of an astute showman at the time of the San Francisco earthquake of 1906.



"I got this cosy sewing corner by installing a Sliding Door"

"I had a corner I could not use because the old-fashioned door swung back into it—and I badly needed a spot for sewing. Aunt Agnes gave me the brainwave. 'It's that clumsy door that's the trouble,' she said. 'My sliding doors don't waste an inch of space.' I changed MY old-fashioned swing doors to a sliding door on a

Bangor Track, and see how I now have space for a sewing machine and cutting-out bench.

QUICK FACTS ABOUT SLIDING DOORS ON BANGOR TRACK

- Track is concealed in wall cavity or under pelmet.
- Door slides smoothly at a touch.
- No floor track to interfere with carpet or collect dust.
- No squeaking, rattling, banging. No draughts.

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Yes, someone should tell her that the use of a deodorant is a safe and certain way to avoid perspiration odour. ODO-RO-NO Cream gives complete under-arm protection. It stops perspiration and odour instantly, stays soft and creamy, never turns gritty and keeps you fresh and dainty for a full 24 hours.

* Also available—Liquid ODO-RO-NO with the popular applicator. In two strengths, regular and instant.



Use
ODO-RO-NO
cream daily and be sure
of yourself

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The World in His Arms

HEADLONG adventure fills the screen in Universal's film version of the Rex Beach novel "The World in His Arms."

There is hardly a quiet moment throughout the film, in which everybody indulges in boisterous horseplay and fights joyously at the drop of a word.

The story offers Gregory Peck in the role of roistering Captain Jonathan Clark, skipper of the schooner Pilgrim, of Salem. A New Englander, he is known as "The Boston Man" along the San Francisco waterfront.

Round about the 1850's Jonathan puts Czarist Russians in Alaska in a rage by smiting valuable cargoes of seal pelts under the guns of their vigilant patrols.

Adding injury to insult, Jonathan also makes off with young Russian countess Marina (Ann Blyth), while putting through his plan to buy Alaska lock, stock, and barrel from Russian owners.

Somewhat refined in physique and speech to round

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

out the role of fabulous Jonathan Clark, Gregory Peck gives every appearance of relishing this vigorous part which makes no demands upon his acting talent.

Impeccably gowned Ann Blyth is a mincing aristocrat. The character men have a field day. Anthony Quinn's rival skipper, Portagee, is as vivid as the technician in which the film is photographed. John McIntire (The Deacon) gives his customary assured performance, and Carl Esmond is a satisfying Russian villain.

When director Raoul Walsh sends "World in His Arms" to sea, there is real excitement to be found in a race between sail-laden schooners en route to Sitka, and scenes of seal hunting in the Pribilofs are fascinating.

In Sydney—State.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

EMBASSY.—★★ "Laughter in Paradise." British comedy, starring Alastair Sim, Fay Compton. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "The Lion and the Horse," Warner color Western, starring Steve Cochran, Sherry Jackson. Plus

"Flax Martin," thriller, starring Virginia Mayo, Zachary Scott. (Re-release.)

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Quo Vadis?" technicolor drama of early Rome, starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, Peter Ustinov.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "The Importance of Being Earnest," British technicolor comedy, starring Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Michael Denison, Dorothy Tutin. Plus

"Assassin For Hire," thriller, starring Ronald Howard.

LYRIC.—★ "Affair in Trinidad," drama, starring Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford. Plus ★ "Montana Territory," Western, starring Wanda Hendrix, Lon McAllister. (Both re-releases.)

PALACE.—★ "King Kong" thriller, starring Robert Armstrong, Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot. Plus "Armored Car Robbery," mystery, starring Charles McGraw, Adele Jergens. (Both re-releases.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "The Greatest Show On Earth," technicolor circus drama, starring Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," technicolor drama, starring Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Ava Gardner, Hildegard Neff. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Manon," French language drama, starring Cecile Aubry, Michel Auclair, Serge Reggiani. Plus

★★ "Paris 1900," English language feature, narrated by Monty Woolley.

STATE.—★★ "The World in His Arms," technicolor adventure, starring Gregory Peck, Ann Blyth. (See review this page.) Plus "Reunion in Reno," romantic drama, starring Peggy Dow, Mark Stevens, Gigi Perreau.

VARIETY.—★ "The Blazing Forest" technicolor adventure, starring John Payne, Susan Morrow. Plus "The Biscuit-Eater" drama, starring Billy Lee. (Re-release.)

VICTORY.—★ "Cripple Creek" technicolor Western, starring George Montgomery, Karin Booth. Plus "The Barefoot Mailman," cinecolor period comedy, starring Robert Cummings, Terry Moore.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Broncho Buster," technicolor outdoor drama, starring John Lund, Scott Brady, Joyce Holden. Plus

"Hiya Chum," musical comedy, starring the Ritz Brothers. (Re-release.)

CENTURY.—★ "Sudden Fear," thriller, starring Joan Crawford, Jack Palance, Gloria Grahame. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★ "The Winning Team," sporting drama, starring Doris Day, Ronald Reagan, Frank Lovejoy. Plus

"Younger Brothers," Western, starring Wayne Morris, Janis Paige. (Re-release.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "We're Not Married," romantic comedy, starring Ginger Rogers, Paul Douglas, Eve Arden. Plus

"Stolen Face," drama, starring Elizabeth Scott, Paul Henreid.

PARK.—★ "One Minute To Zero," Korean war drama, starring Robert Mitchum, Ann Blyth. Plus "Law of the Bad Lands," a Tim Holt Western.

PLAZA.—★ "What Price Glory," technicolor wartime comedy, starring James Cagney, Dan Dailey, Corinne Calvet. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Above and Beyond" air drama, starring Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker. Plus featurettes.



HA! HA!
THOSE MAZDA'S
HAVE FIXED YOU
BEAGLE BOYS!

WALT DISNEY'S
UNCLE SCROOGE
SAYS

"ALWAYS BUY
MAZDA
LAMPS
'THEY STAY
BRIGHTER LONGER"



THE FIGURE CONTROL CORSET INSTANTLY SLIMS HIPS and WAIST!

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The Figure Control Corset is instantly slims hips and waist. It is so much smarter, so much more comfortable, that you will want to wear it always. Figure Control instantly slims the hips and waistline. It keeps you UP, and it keeps you UP, with balanced control and support.

The Figure Control Corset has the improvements: 1. The cross-over front; no hooks or lacing, and no belt opening. 2. Stretch-contraction side panels. 3. Stabilized front for instant adjustment for reduction and control. 4. Extra strong flexibility and maximum comfort.

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MOTHERS KNOW—

EGGS
are the perfect
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FOUR STORIES IN ONE

★ Epsom Downs, the scene of Britain's greatest race, the Derby, provides background for Herbert Wilcox's new film titled "Derby Day."

Among the hurly-burly of racing crowds, producer Wilcox brings together a mixed group of people whose lives link briefly in the mosaic of Derby Day.

Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding co-star.



2 CAMERAS record departure for the Derby of film star Gerald Berkeley (Peter Graves), right. For publicity he has to squire to races a mature socialite who won his escort in a raffle.

1 DECISION of widowed Lady Helen (Anna Neagle) to watch her horse run at Epsom shocks her friends.



3 ACCIDENT befalls socialite, so housemaid Michele (Suzanne Cloutier), right, retrieves invitation and meets film star.



4 TAXI-OWNER Joe Jenkins (Gordon Harker), left, and his disgruntled wife (Gladys Henson) leave with David Scott (Michael Wilding).



5 AFFAIR between Betty Molloy (Googie Withers) and Tom Dillon (John McCallum) brings disaster. They leave for Derby to try to win stake.

Actress' new angle on film career

British actress Elizabeth Sellars is a girl with an unusual approach to film-making.

ELIZABETH has no false modesty about her undoubted talent, and insists on being free for a large part of the year to travel and to study law.

While producers angle to get her in their next picture, she will sweat at her law books, get into jodhpurs, or swim, and remain aloof just so long as she thinks the proffered parts are not good enough.

Elizabeth arrived at this comfortable position as the result of a series of strong roles in violent films—"Flood Tide," "Cloudburst," and "Guilt Is My Shadow." Her latest role is that of Dirk Bogarde's leading lady in "Hunted."

If Elizabeth should invite

you to her unfashionably located suburban flat, the chances are that you will be served with a variety of Indian curries, or, if not, dishes from Burma and China.

A brooding, thoughtful beauty, Elizabeth enjoys cooking these dishes herself.

Where the conversation of many stars runs the conventional gamut from minks to backstage gossip, Elizabeth Sellars talks Oriental philosophy, the Cingalese theatre, or Roman law.

Although she says she finds filming "terribly interesting," and has none of the preference for the stage which is fashionable among stars, there has always been a suspicion of reluctance about the way she takes a film part.

While sharing a flat with Sir Cedric Hardwicke's niece, Jean Hardwicke, she was persuaded to attend a stage audition with her friend. It was Elizabeth who got the part. That part was to launch her on an important stage career—but for a long time she regarded it as a "second string" to law.

She kept on reading and taking her exams. The stage led to film roles. The critics have always given her the big "hello."

Despite this, Elizabeth fled from films to Ceylon for nearly a year.

Her comeback film role in "Hunted" is that of a faithless wife.

Elizabeth continues to study law, Chinese art, Eastern philosophy. Law and acting, she maintains, call for some of the same talents.—BILL STRUTTON.



ELIZABETH SELLARS, a young actress with a mind of her own and a personality to match.



6 JOYRIDE with Berkeley on a carousel upsets Michele, who loses her handbag. Purse falls at Betty's feet, and she takes it to Dillon, who stakes all their money on Lady Helen's horse, Starry Night.



7 CORNERED while collecting their winnings on Starry Night, Dillon and Betty realise the game is up. They go back to city in police van, Berkeley and Michele leave Epsom in high spirits in his luxury car.



8 LADY HELEN, whose horse wins, and David Scott, to whom she gave a lift to Epsom when his taxi broke down, discover mutual interests and arrange a London meeting. Derby Day is over for another year.

Amazing new discovery kills indoor smells

It's the wick that does the trick



FOR HOME AND OFFICE

Only Air-wick contains Chlorophyll

...the miracle-working substance nature uses to keep trees and grass fresh and green, plus 125 other compounds used by nature

Air-wick is the marvellous new discovery that kills smells as if by magic. Just unscrew the cap, pull up the wick, and place above the source of the smell. All disagreeable smells vanish. And Air-wick is not a disinfectant, it doesn't merely cover up one smell with another, because... Air-wick is the only air-freshener sold in Australia that contains Chlorophyll, plus 125 other compounds as used by nature. It actually kills smells in the air—boiling cabbage, burning fat, stale tobacco. It freshens the air in stuffy halls; bathrooms; musty, unlined-in rooms.

Money-back guarantee. If, after using Air-wick according to instructions, you are not satisfied, return the partly used bottle and you will be reimbursed.

Air-wick is the ONLY air-freshener sold in Australia which is also sold in the U.S.A. and England. It is regularly used in over 11,000,000 American homes.

Air-wick

Costs less than one penny per day to use

At all chemists, grocers, hardware and general stores

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IF BACK ACHE TRY A KIDNEY HOUSECLEANING

Are you embarrassed by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Distress, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Cries Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The first dose of Cystex, the new scientific medicine goes right to work overcoming troubles in 3 ways. 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from chemist to-day under guarantee satisfaction or money back.

Strawberries in the Desert

A 30-year-old grader wants to turn the Northern Territory's arid centre into a lush vegetable garden.

He is Burge Brown, owner and director of Murray Downs, a 3100-square mile property 190 miles north of Alice Springs.

He went to the Centre in 1949 from a mixed farming property near Corop, in the Goulburn Valley. His dinner table at Murray Downs is now always loaded with fresh vegetables and fruit grown on the estate.

Read this interesting agricultural development in the February A.M., Now on Sale

How you can have both . . .

make-up that covers perfectly and
that fresh, young, natural look!



1 Use a sponge that's wet, not just moist, and squeeze just short of the dripping point. Then rub *lightly* over your Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up. Remember—*lightly*. The weight of the sponge is enough to pick up right amount.



2 Use quick, light strokes to put a very thin film of Pan-Cake over your entire face and throat. Do be quick! Speed is half the trick for a light film. Squeeze sponge dry, and finish blending with reverse side.



3 Now while your face is still moist, blot *immediately* with tissue. This removes any excess make-up—prevents caking. Then, puff on *plenty* of powder—but *lightly*. Don't grind in. Brush off surplus. This gives you the Pan-Cake *mat finish*. For *sheen* look, pat lightly with clean moist sponge.



4 Now look! Your skin is so radiantly young, so transparently lovely, and so *natural*! There's no made-up look, yet every tiny blemish . . . every tell-tale line . . . has disappeared. To-day, follow this new light-touch beauty ritual to a *naturally* lovelier skin with Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up.

*This new light-touch
method makes it possible!*

It's so easy . . . and so important for you to follow these directions carefully. Just as important as it is to use Max Factor Pan-Cake* Make-Up—the *one* make-up that covers perfectly, yet does not dry your skin.



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MADE IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Pan-Cake

MAKE-UP



Standard Size, 13/10 . . . Medium Size, 8/6

*Pan-Cake (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cake make-up.

JODY LAWRENCE, Appearing in "ALL ASHORE"

—Columbia Technicolor Release

As this delightful young star looks when away from the Studio and out for fun. She uses Pan-Cake Make-Up because it looks and feels so light and natural.



CUTTING THE CAKE. John Bell, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Bell, of "Pickering," Denman, and his bride, formerly Jacqueline Champneys, of Mt. Garnet, show their wedding at St. James' Cathedral, Townsville.

Social Gattings

WHILE parents cope with the change-over from holiday living to the chores of "back-to-school" week, teenagers are having a final fling in informal parties and dances before lessons start again in earnest.

Voted one of the most popular of the informal gatherings was the tennis party, buffet supper, and picture night at "Tudor," Bungendore, when Darling Grammar boy Brett Palmer was host to friends from Sydney and surrounding districts.

Among the guests were Tony Allen, of Bellevue Hill, who is house guest at "Foxlow,"

Martha and Caroline Rutledge, Brian Osborne, of "Currandooley," Bungendore, and Dinah Litchfield, from Cooma. Brett's young sisters, Susan and seven-year-old Diana, helped their mother, Mrs. Fenton Braund, to make the party a huge success.

After supper, Brett screened the popular film "The Happiest Days of Our Lives."



CHASING BUBBLES. Two-year-old Antonia Forster and her mother, Mrs. Bill Forster, who was formerly Johanna Forbes, of Sydney. They are on holidays from Adelaide with Mr. and Mrs. Barton Forster, of Edgely.

TAKING time off from a Whale Beach holiday, Mrs. Neville Rowlands lunched at Prince's with Mrs. F. J. Jensen. The Rowlands' will return to Elizabeth Bay with children Marilyn and Timothy just before school starts again at Ascham and Cranbrook early next month.

PACKING for the trek back to Oaklands, Scone, after summer holidays at their beach home, "Winbah," Palm Beach, are Mr. and Mrs. George Christmas and their small sons Philip and Anthony. Also on the move after six weeks at Palm Beach are the Bill Adams, of Wahroonga, with their children, Caroline, Suzanne, and two-year-old William. Teenagers Joan, Roslyn, and Evelyn Maitland, who have held "open house" for their young friends at the Maitlands' beach home, "Tetherton," Pacific Rd., during the school holidays, are counting the days till term starts again at Ascham.

DOWN from Michelago for the summer months, the Jim Ryries are installed in their spanking new town house at Bellevue Hill. Site of the house is the former tennis court of Betty's family home "Kamilaroi," Bellevue Hill. Although built on a small scale, the house has five bedrooms and there is ample living room for the children, Dinny, David, Polly, and baby Jamesie. Betty has chosen lovely pieces of period furniture from "Kamilaroi" and has built the rest of the furnishings around them.



SURFERS' PARADISE. Jamie (left), Ross, and Robert Alison with their mother, Mrs. John Alison (left), of Dungog, and Mrs. Colin Chandler enjoy the Queensland sunshine after a swim at Surfers' Paradise. Mrs. Alison, with her family, is visiting her mother, Mrs. John Chandler.



ANNIVERSARY DAY MEETING. A.J.C. committeeman Mr. Brian Crowley, of "Oreel," Merryveinbone, and his wife, who races Elmshill, with their daughter, Mrs. Jack Amos, and her husband at Randwick.



HAPPY GROUP. John Fisher with his bride, formerly Rosalie Moxham, of "Murrumbidgee," Giralambone, and bridesmaids Alison Moxham (left), Mrs. Geoff Green, Fae Gerrard, Barbara Bayston, and Joan and Lindsay Moxham after their wedding at St. James' Church, King Street.

POSTED to Norfolk, Virginia, for a course at Staff College, Commander William Leader Conley, U.S.N., who is stationed in Japan, has had to cancel plans to visit his wife and family in Sydney. With her three-year-old son Billy and two-month-old Michael, who was born here, Betty is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Considine, of Bellevue Hill, from her home in Coronado, California. She will return to the States as soon as Michael is old enough to travel comfortably, and hopes to make her home at Virginia Beach, a famous resort near the naval station at Norfolk.

JUST back from a holiday at the Canobolas Hotel, Orange, are Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Walker, of Crescent Cottage, Windsor, and their schoolgirl daughter Pam. At Bathurst they visited the Adrian Sutherlands and then went on to see Sir Frederick and Lady McMaster at Casalis. Pam is the fourth generation of the family to live at Crescent Cottage.

SCOTT WALDACK are the names chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Single, of Northmead, for their second son.

Anne



WEDDING PARTY. Dr. Rodney White, of Adelaide, and his bride, formerly Joanne Maguire, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. B. Maguire, leave St. Mary's Cathedral with Dr. Murray Holmes.



AT ST. MARK'S. David Whitford and his bride, formerly Pat Glass, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Glass, of Bellevue Hill, leave for the reception at the Australia Hotel after their wedding.

Ray Horden

CROCHET MEDALLIONS can be made with a little patience and a minimum of cost, to emulate the latest fashions from the Paris dress houses. Sketches on this page illustrate how a small crochet motif, repeated many times, can be sewn mosaic-fashion to any simple basic model. Instructions for attractive crochet designs for this purpose are given on page 34.



● Jacques Fath model, top above, designed with a bodice and stole-edge of gimpure lace. The theme can be copied perfectly in crocheted medallions. To make the bodice, tack the medallions to the well-fitting top of an old evening gown, then link them together independently of the model underneath. Cut the tacking thread, and if necessary remove the old bodice, replacing it with a new lining. The strapless dress with applique cummerbund, above, is by the same designer. The applique is a crocheted leaf motif with a fake jewel trim. Balenciaga's straight-cut jacket, above right, is in heavy gimpure lace. A really lovely replica can be made in crochet motifs.



● De Givenchy decorates a rich grape-colored velvet ball gown, above, with beautiful metallic embroidery. A copy of the embroidery could be crocheted in silver braid or made by twisting fine silver braid into a floral design and finished by binding with a fine matching thread.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 4

Paper Notes.

PATCHWORK is another attractive art which can be put to many uses. Scraps of colored materials can be blended in really beautiful designs. Note the effective decor on the cotton stole and apron below, and the chic coolie coat covered with a gay patch design.



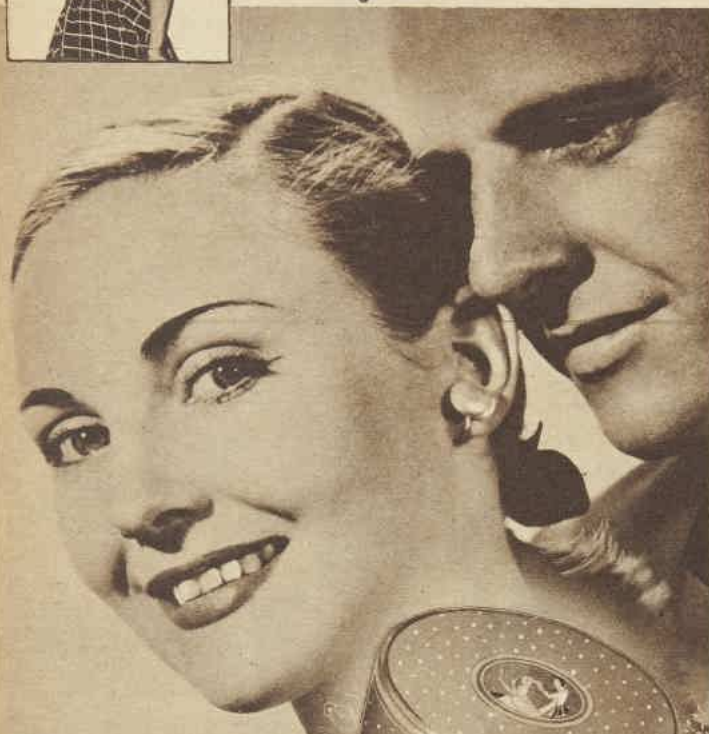
● Wide canvas belt, left, has a multi-colored design worked in a simple embroidery stitch. Examples are given of two decorative designs. Note: use a coarse thread for the stitch.

Dorothea Johnston



At 20 feet you make a delightful picture—but, in his arms, does your complexion have

Soft Loveliness



Close-up—that's the real test of a beautiful complexion! What does your face powder really do for your complexion? Never mind what it does at a distance—what does it do for you—close-up?



"THREE FLOWERS" BRINGS NEW ENTRANCING LOVELINESS!

How often have you wished your complexion was as smooth and glamorous close-up as it is in your most flattering photographs? It can be! Richard Hudnut has added the magical TOP-TONE Shade Control formula to "Three Flowers" Face Powder—to bring new close-up beauty to every complexion. This exquisite, fine-textured "Three Flowers" brings to your complexion a delicate clinging veil of loveliness that covers tiny skin flaws, glorifies your own tonings... its exclusive formula positively prevents it from streaking, caking or changing colour.

Test "Three Flowers" beauty in your mirror... actually see the difference it makes to your own complexion with just one fragrant powdering.

To-night be lovelier to love!

Let heavenly "Three Flowers" bring you new poise, new charm... be sure of your beauty close-up—where romance is won or lost! Choose from the seven heavenly shades of "Three Flowers" to-day.

Alluring "All-Over" Loveliness!

To complete your lovely picture, "Three Flowers" Talc, Rouge, Lipstick, Foundation Cream... all harmonised to glorious "Three Flowers" Face Powder.

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TF21.145

MOTHER



"Don't waste it, dear. They cost money."

BUTCH



"I knew he would drop around. I changed the reward money on his wanted posters to thirty-five cents."

It seems to me

THE annual Archibald Prize portrait exhibition always attracts more public interest than any other exhibition in Sydney.

In spite of the fact that year after year the critics complain of its dullness, people who never otherwise set foot in a gallery turn out in their thousands to see it.

One thought that does strike you after a look at the portraits: Aside from uniforms and regalia, there is a depressingly large quantity of blue serge and drab suitings. It would be a great help to the decorative value of modern

portraits if men wore flowered waistcoats. This year the University students' demonstration against the judges' choice has given the attendances a greater filip than usual.

However, apart from undergraduates, who are at an age when other people's feelings don't trouble them, most viewers of the pictures make their comments in low voices.

The range of sitters is so wide that it is quite unsafe to say "Who is that old joker?" or "She looks awful, doesn't she?" The sitters or their cousins or their aunts may be standing next to you.

AN elderly friend of mine always enjoys the Archibald exhibition because the portraiture, with few exceptions, is conventional and realistic.

I was explaining to him the other day that he should try to be more up-to-date in his remarks about the pictures.

I assured him that his habit of saying, "Well, that's the living image of old So-and-so" would earn him disrespect. A remark like that, I told him, might be retailed at a cocktail party thus: "My dear, I heard the most divine thing at the Gallery to-day..."

He said that he preferred realistic portraits and didn't intend at his time of life to change. I suggested he could put the same thought more fashionably: "Yes, I like that. That catches something of old So-and-so's character."

LETTERS to the editors of English newspapers, especially "The Times," are always a source of entertainment.

Lately "The Times" column featured one of those little controversies in which Englishmen delight. It was started by a writer who asked what was the antonym for the word "postpone."

This provoked an answer from Sir Alan Herbert, who, with his A.P.H. tongue well in cheek, suggested "earlierise."

The colleague who showed me this correspondence makes her own contribution—"pre-date." I have another thought. Why not "propel" in the sense of "push forward"? Example: "The dance, which was to have been held in March, was propelled to February."

Frivolous, you think? Better be careful, or someone will take up Sir Alan Herbert's "earlierise" in all seriousness. Now that hospitalise and dieselise are practically acceptable, anything could happen.

By



Dorothy Drain

IN the excitement of the presidential inauguration in America, some remarks made by the publisher of the New York Times, Mr. Arthur Sulzberger, received less attention than they deserved.

Addressing an ex-University students' dinner, Mr. Sulzberger said that intimidation was restricting free speech and thought in the United States.

"This," he said, "is because of the pressures that result from blacklists and irresponsible accusations."

Mr. Truman, in his final report to Congress earlier this

year, gave a similar warning when he said: "One of the things that could defeat us is fear... fear corroding our liberties, turning citizens against citizens."

It has been plain for a long time that fear of Communism by a section of Americans could lead to oppression of a kind that is at variance with democracy.

President Eisenhower, in his inaugural address, referred to America's position as leader of the free peoples of the world.

With the new purges in Russia, and the revival of Nazism in Germany, the rest of the world looks to America to ensure that the word "free" continues to have real meaning in the democratic world. For if true democracy should wither in America it hasn't a dog's chance of survival anywhere.

PRIZE for the nuttiest idea so far of 1953 should go to the American businessman who has proposed that a famous figure, preferably of a Hollywood film actress, should replace the pictures of Presidents on dollar bills.

The figure of a pretty girl is a powerful factor in selling an idea, as modern advertising proves; but money has a charm all its own. It doesn't need sex appeal.

ONE doesn't know whether to be reassured or not at a notice in a King's Cross, Sydney, fish shop. It reads: "Very Fresh Whiting."

A PROFESSOR of the University of Vienna, writing in the "United Nations Bulletin of Narcotics," says that coffee is good for athletes but that tea is the appropriate stimulant for intellectual workers.

Have a nice hot cup of tea? (Save us from psychology) Let us, rather, idly chat. Gossip, talk of this and that; Fashions, friends, the latest scandal. Husbands, children (how to handle). Nothing's better, you'll agree, Than a nice hot cup of tea. Kettle's boiling, heat the pot, (Highbrow beverage? What rot!)

Some of my patients

Infection risk from bone in throat

Sedative affected complexion

LEN CARTER arrived at my surgery yesterday morning looking weary and uncomfortable.

"I haven't slept all night," he explained. "I think I swallowed a piece of bone in the stew we had last night. My throat's been painful ever since—just under my Adam's apple."

I examined his throat as thoroughly as possible but could see no foreign body.

"Take yourself up to hospital this afternoon," I told him, "and I'll see how your throat looks through a fluoroscope."

"What's that, Doctor?" asked my patient.

"It's a type of X-ray for looking at necks and is similar to the one used in shops for shoe fitting."

The fluoroscope alone showed nothing. Then Len was given a liquid barium meal to hold in his mouth and swallow very slowly.

As he did this I looked through the fluoroscope again. This is a method of finding a foreign body, as in most cases it will be shown up against the barium meal as it moves downward.

"You can stop drinking now," I said. "As far as this goes there's no foreign body to worry about."

"Ugh," he grimaced. "That's good. I couldn't stand a steady diet of that stuff."

I asked him to see me the next evening and report on the throat.

"It's all right now, thanks," he told me then, "but what if something had been there?"

"If the barium meal had revealed a foreign body you'd have needed a specialist to re-

move it under anaesthetic," I explained.

"If that test had failed to show anything and you still complained of pain, in a day or two it would have also been necessary to see the ear, nose, and throat man. The special viewing tube he passes down the throat to find whatever foreign body that may be there is sometimes the only way of locating the trouble. This depends, of course, on its position."

"Once sighted, he'd remove it with a particular pair of forceps."

"I'm glad I avoided that little operation," said Len, thanking me and taking his leave.

There is a risk of infection from any swallowed or inhaled foreign body, such as a sharp bone that may scratch or possibly perforate the lining of the oesophagus or food passage.

It isn't unusual for a bone to be swallowed completely, causing a slight scratch and the feeling of something in the throat.

This feeling would soon pass if no foreign body were lodged there. Any painful sensation that persists for a day or more should be investigated.

"WHEN a girl is looking forward to a mixed doubles tennis tournament, it's no joke to wake up like this!"

The speaker was a young woman wearing a heavy veil with a pretty hat.

She removed the veil and I saw that her face was covered with a rash which extended to the neck and arms.

The rash had the appearance of common pimples and the girl's eyes were affected too with a mild conjunctivitis.

"Do you feel ill?" I asked. "I don't think so," she replied. "Just wild."

As far as she knew she was not allergic to any food, she told me.

"Well," I said, "I think it is your system's reaction to something which does not agree with it. Some people break out in a rash, for instance, when they have an anti-tetanus injection."

"I haven't had any kind of injection," she said.

"The sulpha drugs or just ordinary aspirin could cause it. Are you taking any medicine?"

"Only a tonic. I've been a bit jittery and wakeful at night."

"That's probably where the trouble is," I said. "I think you'll find the medicine you're taking contains bromide. It's a very poor sedative, but it reacts on the complexion in some cases."

I spoke to her chemist by telephone and he confirmed the bromide theory.

"What about the rash?" my patient asked anxiously. "Will you give me some ointment or something to cure it?"

"I'll give you something to put on the rash and it should clear up quite soon. You'll have to leave off the mixture you've been taking, of course."

"But, doctor," she said. "I really could do with a tonic of some sort. I don't sleep well."

"Stop worrying about yourself," I advised her. "You're too young to do that. That's one of the reasons you don't relax. I'll prescribe something for you, though. There are other sedative drugs besides bromide. Let's hope the one I pick doesn't have such a troublesome effect on you."

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

At last I'm free
to look after my little family—
thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids



This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment. Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on. . . . For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness.

If YOU suffer backache, rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago, sick headaches, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

—as they helped this young mother and her family. There is the story of thousands of other Australians. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that these and kindred ailments cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year. Much suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away crippling everyday poisons with a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment cleanses your body of the germs and poisons that rob you of your natural health and energy and which so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder trouble, Backache, and similar aches and pains. In these times of stress, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment will restore you to normal good health and keep you fit and well to enjoy your life as you should. Start Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment to-day and see how your tiredness, your aches and pains are quickly relieved, leaving you filled with new energy and cheerfulness.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are safe and sure

They are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thionine. They are a tried and proven family treatment that has brought relief to generations of Australians from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid. If you, or yours, suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day, and start a course of this famous treatment. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Start a course TO-DAY

Dr. Mackenzie's
Menthoids

7/6 and 4/- EVERYWHERE

(with FREE Diet Chart!)

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS
FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD



Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.



A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.



Sleepless at night with pain. I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.



Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.

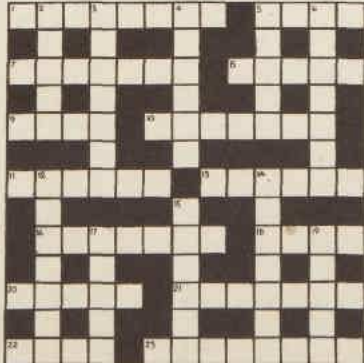


Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment for cleansing your body of the poisons that cripple you.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Devours greedily in French harp places (8).
2. For missing from the hull by stove (4).
3. But follows the sailor to be a king's (4).
4. Mightily more than (8).
5. Dithyramb (8).
6. Broken into in a (4).
7. Devourer (8).
8. You are misled if you are led up this path (6).
9. Concerning an attitude in rest (6).
10. A rather city in Persia (7).
11. Cleft chin? (4).
12. A snake I see in jelly (6).
13. Such jaws are long and thin (7).
14. 4080 feet (4).
15. Singularly there is a school for it since the eighteenth century (8).



DOWN

Solution will be published next week.

1. Prize bequeathed by a Swede (5).
2. Leave out Edward and is left out (7).
3. Breathe out no longer hearty (6).
4. Thin uncle of Richard II (5).
5. Father and mother, but father does the leading (7).
6. Skill is an artifice (7).
7. This is (7).
8. Pity in a brogue, cigar smells and grows in the garden (6).
9. Noise when hot is inside (5).
10. Vehicle turns behold in a song (5).

Doctors Prove Palmolive
can bring YOU...
a lovelier complexion
in 14 days!



Not just a promise
but a proved plan!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO!

Wash your face with
Palmolive soap. Then for
60 seconds massage your
clean face with Palmolive's
soft lovely lather. Rinse!
Do this twice a day for 14
days. This cleansing mas-
sage will bring your skin
Palmolive's beautifying
and lasting effect.

You too CAN LOOK
FOR THESE COMPLEXION
IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

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- ♥ Less oiliness!
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness!
- ♥ Fewer, tiny blemishes—and incipient blackheads!
- ♥ Complexion clearer, more radiant!



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PAIN goes
quicker with
DISPRIN



'Disprin' acts faster on pain because it enters the stomach as a true solution which is rapidly absorbed by the blood stream. This is why Disprin acts faster than ordinary aspirin and a.p.c. which merely enter the stomach as undissolved particles. Because Disprin is soluble it is not liable to cause stomach discomfort.

Disprin is obtainable from all chemists, in packages of 100, 25 and the handy 8 tablet handbag or pocket pack.

DISPRIN (REGD.)
THE *New Soluble* ASPIRIN

CROCHET MEDALLIONS ...

HERE are two crochet medallions which can be used as the basis for an applied design as illustrated in Mary Hordern's Paris Notes on page 30.

Rose motif

Materials: Semco Mercer crochet No. 40 and crochet hook No. 5 will make motifs 3in. in diameter.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble crochet; d.tr., double treble crochet; sl-st., slip-stitch; sp., space; p., picot; d. tr. gr., double treble group (keep last stitch of each treble on needle and draw all through together).

First Round: Make ring with 16 ch.

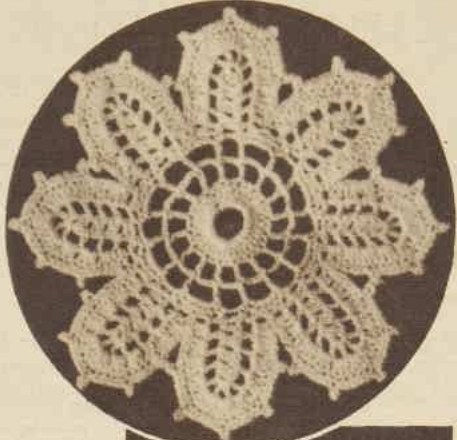
2nd Round: 3 ch. (to stand for 1 tr.) 31 tr. into ring, sl-st. to 3 ch.

3rd Round: 8 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., * 4 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr. Repeat from * to end, and sl-st. into 3rd of 8 ch.

4th Round: 9 ch., * tr. on tr. of last row, 5 ch. Repeat from * and sl-st. into 4th of 9 ch.

5th Round: 1 d.c. into 5 ch. loop. Make centre of petal thus: * 10 ch., miss 2 of the 10 ch., and put 1 tr. into each of the other 8 ch., 1 d.c. into same 5 ch. loop, 5 d.c. into next 5 ch. loop, 1 d.c. into next 5 ch. loop. Repeat from * to end of row, and sl-st. to 1st d.c.

6th Round: * Work 1 tr. between ch. and 1st tr. on centre bar of petal, 2 ch., miss 2 tr., 1 tr. between 2nd and 3rd tr., 2 ch., miss 2 tr., 1 tr. between next tr., 2 ch., miss 2 tr., 1 tr. between next tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. into ch. at top of bar, 2 ch., miss 2 tr., 1 tr. between tr. into the same space.



ROSE MOTIF is a handsome design to use in applique work. Size of design can be varied to taste.



STAR MOTIF, right, will look crisp and refreshing when it is applied on a rich fabric.

as tr. on opposite side of bar, 2 ch., 1 tr. into next sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next sp., next to ch. of ring miss 1 d.c., and put 1 d.c. into each of the 5 d.c. on 5 ch. loop. Miss 1 d.c. on the next 5 ch. loop, and repeat from * to end of row.

7th Round: * 2 tr. into 1 st. sp. of 2 ch. (on side of petal), 3 tr. into each of the next 4 sp. of 2 ch., 5 tr. into the centre 2 ch. at top of petal, 3 tr. into each of the next 4 sp. of 2 ch., 2 tr. into the last 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the centre of 5 d.c. (on ring). Repeat from * to end of row and sl-st. into centre of 5 d.c.

8th Round: * Miss 1 tr., sl-st. into each of the last 6 tr. on side of petal, 1 p (4 ch., sl-st. back into first ch.), 1 d.c. into each of next 5 tr., 1 p, 1 d.c. into each of next 5 tr., 1 p (at top of petal), 1 d.c. into next 5 tr., 1 p, 1 d.c. into next 5 tr., 1 p, sl-st. into last 6 tr. Repeat from * to end of row.

Star motif

Materials: Coats Chain Mercer crochet No. 40 and crochet hook No. 4 will make motifs 3in. in diameter from picot to picot.

Abbreviations: See design above.

Commence with 8 ch., join with sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: 3 ch., into ring work 23 tr., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

2nd Row: 6 ch., * miss 1 tr., 1 d.c. into next tr., 3 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 3 ch.; repeat from *, omitting 1 tr. and 3 ch. at end of last repeat, 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 6 ch.

3rd Row: 6 ch., 1 tr. into same place as last sl-st., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c., 3 ch.,

1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. into next tr.; repeat from *, omitting 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. at end of last repeat, 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 6 ch.

4th Row: 1 sl-st. into first sp., 3 ch., 3 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr. into same sp., * 2 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr. into next 3 ch. sp. between trs.; repeat from *, omitting 4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr. at end of last repeat, 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

5th Row: 1 sl-st. into each of next 3 tr., 1 sl-st. into sp., 4 ch., 2 d.tr. into same sp., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and pull through all loops on hook (a cluster made), * 3 ch., 3 d. tr. into same sp., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and pull through all loops on hook (another cluster made), 3 ch., 1 cluster into same sp., 6 ch., 1 d.c. into next 2 ch. sp., 6 ch., 1 cluster into next 3 ch. sp.; repeat from *, omitting 1 cluster at end of last repeat, 1 sl-st. into top of first cluster.

6th Row: 3 ch., a 2 tr. cluster into same place as last sl-st., * 3 ch., a 3 d.tr. cluster into next sp., 4 ch., a 3 trip. tr. cluster into top of next cluster, 4 ch., a 3 d.tr. cluster into next sp., 3 ch., a 3 tr. cluster into top of next cluster; 6 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c., 6 ch., a 3 tr. cluster into top of next cluster; repeat from *, omitting 3 tr. cluster at end of last repeat, 1 sl-st. into top of first cluster.

7th Row: * 2 d.c. into next sp., 4 ch. (to form a picot), 2 d.c. into same sp., 2 d.c. picot, 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. picot, 1 d.c. into top of next cluster, 2 d.c. picot, 2 d.c. into each of next 2 sps., 6 d.c. over each of next 2 sps. of 6 ch.; repeat from * to end of row, 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

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MILK
ATHLETIC SINGLET
AND SLEEPS

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SYSTEMS—GENTLY
RELIEVED!

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Carter's natural, soothing prescription, gently unblocks system, stepped-up from simple grains. It promotes the free flow of all 5 of nature's important digestive juices. Carter's helps nature to restore the natural power of elimination. Removes only waste—not food—another reason why these little pills help you feel so much better. No gentle, no habit-forming... get Carter's Little Liver Pills at your chemist or store today.

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Start business as Florist at home or in shop. Make glorious floral gifts, bridal bouquets, wreaths, etc. Also Special Courses on Crepe Paper, Fabric, Plastic, Flowers, Basket Weaving, etc. Send stamp for details of Many Monographs. Dept. A, 12 Bon College, Box 270, Haymarket, Sydney.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS



D.S. 24. Trim coat-dress designed for matrons requires 3yds. 54in. material. Sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4082, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Lab "Columbine" is hygienically wallpapered for your protection.

Made by MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

COLUMBINES

MC22

Give your hair LIFE!

Bring back all its softness and sheen

MODE-ORLE

It promotes hair growth, prevents dryness, available at chemists, hairdressers and stores.

THE MANY FACES OF FINCH

Meet Finch, a young actor who turned his back on Sydney, is now one of the most gifted stars in England. He plays the role of a man who has a remarkable career in the law.

February A.M., Now on Sale

The Australian Women's Weekly - February 4, 1953

Worth Reporting

THIS week we asked Mr. Richard Hauser, group psychologist and consultant to the N.S.W. Transport Board, why he thought people posted conscience money to the transport or income tax authorities.

"In most cases the State is considered as the father," said Mr. Hauser, in a brisk Austrian accent. "When a small boy does something wrong, is found out, and punished by his father, he does not feel guilty any more.

"But if he is not discovered, he knows in his sub-conscious that he is making himself out to be as clever as his father. He worries over this.

"He feels better when he admits or pays his conscience money. The guilt feeling goes."

Mr. Hauser has found that more women than men evade paying their fares.

"They have less excitement in life than men," he told us.

"I am sorry for all people who must worry and worry until they pay their conscience money. Their lives are not full."

The railway and income-tax people told us that conscience money rolls in all the time, with increasing totals at Christmas and Easter.

Sums ranging from two-pence to £40 have been received, their grand total for 1952 being £177.

The taxation authorities received nearly £30 over Christmas, usually tucked in envelopes without accompanying letters. Communications are printed and never signed.



"... and another thing—do you have to tell everyone that stupid pun about our marriage being on the rocks?"

Husband-and-wife business team

AN unusual husband-and-wife business enterprise is run by young Melbourne artist Gerard Doube and his attractive wife, Isobel, who design and make a convertible divan-bed.

Headquarters for the enterprise is an old coach-house which the Doubes rented because of the housing shortage.

"It makes an ideal bume and workshop," said Isobel. "Gerry works downstairs on the framework and upholstery, while I make the covers on my machine upstairs."

Ex-serviceman Doube, who studied art at the Melbourne National Gallery and took a night course in cabinetmaking, planned the divan when he was building a caravan.

"Everything in a caravan has to be convertible, and we built all the furniture ourselves," he explained.

The Doubes' initial business venture was Australia's first open-air art exhibition in 1949, which attracted 15,000 people to the Alexandra Gardens.

No cornet for the toothless

ON a recent B.B.C. programme, bandmaster C. T. Meare spoke on the problem of forming a band in Uganda.

Native recruits for the band, he explained, had to have a number of qualifications. They had to be no more than 16 years old and, most important of all, had to possess all their teeth.

Some tribes in Uganda knock out their young men's bottom front teeth. This custom may have its tribal significance, but it is rather a handicap to a prospective cornet player.

We can imagine, therefore, a young man dodging his initiation ceremony by saying to the band-loving tribal elders: "Please spare my teeth and in return I'll play you a cornet solo."

But there are some people we know who would yank out their teeth with no more ado.

LONDON TALK By Michael Plant

THE latest gadget to fascinate the Duke of Edinburgh is a portable guillotine presented to him by American comedian Harry Green.

An apple is placed in the guillotine, the top is banged down, and the apple is sliced in two. Then the wrist is put in and the process repeated.

A trick switch prevents the wrist suffering the same fate as the apple.

The gadget is being used at the Royal dining-table as a fruit slicer as well as a laugh-raiser when the Queen and Princess Margaret are made to put their hands in it.

THERE was a scene at the Eisenhowers' breakfast table when Mr. Churchill was staying with them during his Washington visit.

Mamie offered him the typical American breakfast of orange juice, cereal, and coffee. Mr. Churchill indignantly waved it aside and ordered two lamb chops and an egg—washed down with a bottle of sparkling Moselle.

IN London is hefty 61-year-old American playwright George Kaufman, who is spending most of his time visiting our theatre.

He said of one play: "It was so bad that I had to ask the woman in front of me to put on her hat."

Kaufman is a specialist in being blasé. A friend told me: "If you are with him at a party, George makes you feel personally responsible for his having a dull time."

STEINER has produced a new perfume called "Mink," which he is presenting in a sensational manner.

The box is painted like a cage with a real mink tail hanging from between the bars. Inside is a tiny grinning mink. The label says: "This perfume is dangerous."



"Seeing's believing"

—says Mary Rawlins

"Tell me now—have you ever seen a really white wash that was not put through Reckitt's Blue? Of course you haven't!"

No matter how you wash your white clothes, it's always wise to remember that it's the last rinse in Reckitt's Blue that makes them sparkling white. There's no substitute for Reckitt's Blue to keep your white things a good colour.

Reckitt's Blue

Out of the Blue comes the Whitest wash



When it comes to starching, you should use Robin Starch, the easiest-to-mix powder starch. With Robin your iron flies along, there's no sticking and the gloss is just perfect.



Robin STARCH

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

EMBARRASSING HAIR GONE in 3 minutes!



Safeguard your glamour

You simply must remove under-arm hair. Do you realise how often you raise your arms when wearing a swimsuit or strapless dress? All glamour is gone instantly unless under-arms are clean. Razors make hair grow faster, scrape tender skin. But Veet gently "creams" away ugly hair from under-arms and legs, leaving skin velvety smooth. VEET removes hair like magic

AUSTRALIA'S SIX BEST FISH

Theo Roughley, the renowned, retired head of New South Wales' Department of Fisheries, says that Australia's six best eating fish are the pearl perch, the John Dory, the Tasmanian trumpeter, the West Australian Jewfish, the Murray cod, and the North Queensland barramundi.

The flesh of all six fish is white, and its texture neither mushy nor fibrous. All have distinct, but not overpowering flavors. Roughley explains the reasons for his choice in the new

FEBRUARY A.M., NOW ON SALE



TAKE THE CASE OF LITTLE NORMY, BREAKFAST TIME WAS ALWAYS STORMY



"MUSHY STUFF! I WON'T HAVE THAT!"



TRIED TO GIVE IT TO THE CAT



THEN HIS MOTHER SOLVED HER TROUBLES
GAVE HIM KELLOGG'S CRISP RICE BUBBLES



So crisp—every luscious plateful snaps, crackles and pops with glee! Kiddies love 'em! And Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are chockful of nourishment and energy value. Good for all your family. No greasy washing-up. No pots and pans. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Bubbles, now!

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OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:
 • What to Grow to Fill the Salad Bowl. • A Health Charter for Your Garden. • Growing Vegetables for the Home. • How to Grow Good Carnations.

Name of leaflet (one only)

Stamped (24d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

through compressed lips, and stumbled on to the platform with a split second to spare. As she stood collecting her scattered wits, the train slid out of the station.

There was a spreading bruise on each shin, and her best stockings had sprung wide ladders... ruined beyond repair. That wretch with the suitcase!

As the pain in her poor barked shins eased, Felicity thought of something else.

She had that vacant, naked sensation a woman feels when she goes out without her ear-clips, lipstick... handbag.

Her hands were empty except for the parcel containing Hoti, which still swung from one finger by a loop of string.

Felicity gave the parcel an angry shake. "You fraud," she muttered.

Fortunately, the ticket collector knew her well by sight. She explained matters to him, and he let her through the barrier. She left her name and address with him and walked home.

It was a long way. The ladders in her best stockings grew inexorably. Her high-heeled court shoes were not meant for long walks.

"Hello, darling, had a good day?" said Mrs. Wayne when Felicity limped into the kitchen, where her mother was finishing off preparations for the family evening meal.

"I've had a beastly day," Felicity eased herself into a kitchen chair and drew her feet out of her shoes.

"And all I've got to show for it is the god of luck." She gave her mother a rueful smile, and took Hoti out of his parcel.

"But watch." The kitchen window was open. She sent the disgraced Hoti flying in a graceful curve out of the window to land in her father's herbaceous border.

Tapper, the family dog, looked up and wagged expectantly, imagining there were to be fun and games, but there was no more throwing.

"Why did you walk, darling? It's so far." Mrs. Wayne prodded the potatoes with a fork.

Felicity gritted her teeth. "Far! I know! But I lost my bag, money, fountain pen, keys, everything. And my ducky new hat and gloves! Don't sympathise, Mummy, I can't bear it."

"All right, dear. Pop up and wash, supper's almost ready. Oh, and Felicity, you can have my fully-fashioned, if you like. The pair I haven't worn yet."

Felicity blew a kiss at her mother and padded upstairs, shoes in hand.

She came down in an old velvet frock that had done good service for three years. "Was that the front door, Mummy?"

"It'll be Mr. Bonner, he's coming to play chess with your father. Let him in, dear."

But it wasn't Mr. Bonner. It was a young man. A six-footer, shoulders as wide as a barn door—grey eyes, crisp dark hair, a pleasant smile.

"Miss Felicity Wayne?"

Felicity blinked, because although slim and lovely girls of twenty are popularly supposed to be meeting tall, dark, handsome men practically every day, in practice they seldom do, the proportion of the other kind being so much bigger.

Continuing . . . The Little God

from page 3

morrow," Felicity said dreamily. "And Mummy, what do you think? He's a Johns."

"So he said. And you're a Wayne, and a very pretty one. He was impressed. He couldn't keep his eyes off you."

"I mean he's Johns Pickle."

Young Bill gave a long, low whistle. Tapper thumped his tail on the floor and even Daddy was shaken. "Great guns!" he said solemnly.

"I've only my black taffeta," Felicity said thoughtfully.

"It'll look lovely when I've pressed it. Hurry home from the office to-morrow. You can borrow my squirrel coat... and you'd better have some gold sandals—your silver ones are finished."

Her father pushed a hand into his pocket. "Here, get yourself some."

"Daddy, you are an angel." She dropped a kiss on top of his head. "Thank you."

The next evening, Felicity twisted before her mirror in the black taffeta. Mummy had pressed it beautifully, the gold cobwebby sandals were gorgeous, but...

The dress just wasn't good enough. It was last year's, past its youthful bloom. Felicity shook her head at her reflection.

She thought about Richard wistfully. Wasn't it just her luck that the one, the man she could love, had to be a son of John Jones who made pickles and a fortune.

Because surely Richard could never fall in love with an ordinary girl in an ordinary dress, a last-year dress—his own circle must be filled with gorgeously dressed, beautifully turned-out women.

Let's face it, she thought, even if I had raided the Post Office Savings, I couldn't have competed. I just haven't got what it takes. Slowly, regretfully, she shook her helmet of bronze curls. I just won't do.

Should she go to bed and plead a sudden headache? Better than that she smile, die out of Richard's eyes, as he realised he had picked up a very ordinary duckling and not a swan.

Last night, in the family circle, he had seemed impressed. But afterwards? When he got home? To-day?

Suddenly, there was a loud ring at the front-door bell. Felicity jumped, startled. Surely not Richard? No, it was a full hour before his time.

She had put on the frock just to try, but her hair, her face, weren't done. Something else—she heard her mother going to the door.

Perhaps it was a message from Richard, making some excuse, a telegram perhaps. Maybe he had thought better of what must have been an impulsive invitation.

Mummy's voice called. "Felicity, can you come down a moment?"

She went downstairs slowly and into the sitting-room. "Why, it's you!" she claimed. "You ran over my hat!"

The liveried chauffeur grinned broadly. "Yes, Miss. My wife couldn't do anything. Past repair, it was."

"I was afraid so. But thank you for coming to tell me."

He smiled again in friendly fashion. "But she told her mistress... We both work for Miss Eve Langley..."

Felicity breathed, "The first star?"

"That's right. And Miss Langley—she used to work in an office herself, Miss, and she don't forget—she said, what sort of a young lady was it? Stevens? And I said a young lady very like yourself, Miss Langley."

"That was a lovely compliment. But not very true, Felicity said."

"Well, of course, Miss Langley's a blonde, but you're about the same size. You get used to sizing people up like, when your wife's a lady's maid—the business, so to speak."

"I suppose so."

"So Miss Langley told me to pack up one of her dresses for you—an evening dress it is, if you'll accept it, Miss, to make up." He pulled a large dress-box under his arm.

Felicity hesitated. "But a dress is much more valuable than a hat."

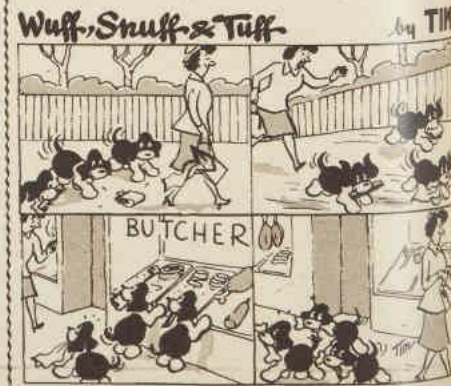
"Ordinarily, yes. But Miss Langley has so many—it gives a lot away. And she really wanted you to have it, when I told her...?" he paused, looking slightly embarrassed.

"Told her how nice you were, Miss. So polite and thoughtful—not your fault, you said. When I think how some young ladies would have carried on!" He patted his lips and shook his head. "My word!"

Half an hour later Richard called for Felicity. As he

To page 37

FOR THE CHILDREN



by TIM

Continuing . . . Acted Off Stage

from page 5

to me—the first favor I've ever asked. Surely it isn't a high price to pay for peace and happiness in the home."

Gerald's voice rose in angry reply.

"I will not be blackmailed by Vicky or by my wife! If I give way on this—what next? You're her mother now, Marion, and you'll have to develop a sense of responsibility instead of taking the easy way out."

"You can't agree with this—the monstrous proposal that my own daughter should be publicly slaughtered to make a regent's holiday!"

"Is it your play you're worrying about, Gerald, or Vicky?" asked Marion sweetly. "I suspect it's your pride as an author, and I can understand that, but . . . you've got to understand Vicky! This is her chance!"

Standing outside the dining-room door Vicky nodded or shook her head as the battle raged.

Her heart was thumping and her hands were clasped together. With a thrill of guilt she realised that she had created a situation unrivalled in any of her father's problem plays.

"Her chance!" She heard the third of Gerald's fist as it hit the table. "Her chance to make a fool of herself and of me! In this town I'm respected as a father and citizen. What normal father would allow his daughter to make an exhibition of herself in a play like 'Decree Rescinded'?"

"She'll flop, of course," Marion agreed. "Nita Forsyth told me it was the hardest part she'd ever played. But I'm selfish enough to prefer that Vicky should be disillusioned about herself than about me."

"A fine way for a mother to talk!" Gerald snarled. Yes, thought Vicky breathlessly—he was actually snarled.

"If Tod Hughes is smart enough to get some of the critics down to see the advent

of my daughter in my play, it'll be ruin and worse!"

"All the same, Gerald, I'm asking you!"

Vicky shivered as the glasses rattled on the table at the impact of Gerald's fist.

"No! No! And again—No!" he roared.

Contrasted with that bellow, Marion's voice tinkled like broken ice in a silver pail.

"Then it comes to this, Gerald. You say I can't judge what's best for Vicky, which means I'm not qualified to be her mother, which means I'm not the right woman to be your wife. Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"A potter moulding clay has less skill than you, Marion, when it comes to twisting and moulding the truth into shapes to suit yourself!"

"For the last time, will you let Vicky appear?"

"For the last time—No!"

Vicky heard Marion's chair scrape as she pushed it back. Then came that fine, clear voice again, ringing with drama.

"As you wish, Gerald, but—this is the end! Certain!"

Silence . . . then a rasping gasp.

"No, Marion! Not that! If you really love me—"

"Love? You talk of love? You, who frustrate my merest whim; you who reproach me for putting your daughter's happiness before my own? Oh, hard, cruel man, at last my eyes are opened!"

"Marion! What—what are you going to do?"

"I," said Marion, "am going home to mother!"

It was a fine more used in musical comedy than drama, but she uttered it with all the grandeur of renunciation, so that it echoed and throbbed through the house like a lament on a Highland moor.

And to Vicky's listening

ears came the sound of a muffled, masculine sob.

Her father, her tough, temperamental father, had broken down and was sobbing like a little child.

It was more than she could bear. What were fame and fortune compared to the happiness of these she loved?

And . . . supposing she did flop, as Marion had said? Her career would be ended before it began . . .

She flew to the phone in the hall and quickly dialled the number. Her voice rang out as loud and clear as Marion's.

"Mr. Tod Hughes? Oh, Mr. Hughes, this is Vicky Warren, and—I've decided not to take the part. No . . . it isn't only that, it's just that I think his plays aren't the best medium for me."

"Living with a playwright, you know, makes you out of tune, I'm sorry you're sorry. So am I."

She put back the receiver and turned, starting with simulated amazement at the sight of Gerald and Marion standing in the doorway, staring at her.

"Why, Vicky—" breathed Marion.

"Good kid!" said Gerald hoarsely. "That's the most sensible thing you've ever done, and I'll make you a promise—when you've been through school, we'll think about the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art."

"I've thought about it already, Daddy," said Vicky, with quiet dignity. "It might be better if you thought a little less of yourself and me, and more about Marion, who happens to be your wife, and . . . my mother!"

With this rebuke, she climbed the stairs with stately tread.

Gerald drew Marion back into the dining-room.

"Darling—it worked! I know I hammed it, but you were wonderful. How did you know she'd be listening?"

Color and character

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Lucscheser claims that anyone, except the color-blind, can be color-analysed, and has composed color charts for self-analysis.

One of these color-test charts appears in A.M. for February, together with a comprehensive article on color psychology.

"I happen to be another woman." Marion looked unhappy. "Gerald . . . it wasn't very fair. I feel guilty."

"Then don't, because you've saved Vicky from something far worse than disappointment."

"Only stark drama would have swerved her out of danger, and—we provided it. She didn't guess, and she need never know."

"She called me 'mother,'" said Marion slowly, "just as if I—I meant something to her. Gerald, darling, you'll have to watch your step. You've had your way in this, but from now on it'll be two to one."

He kissed her. "It won't, sweetheart. It'll be three together."

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Continuing . . . The Little God

from page 36

"I'm only a Cinderella," she said honestly. "This dress pretties me up—but it isn't me. It is a pretty dress, isn't it?"

"I hadn't noticed." He smiled. "Somehow I never got past your eyes. When I saw you yesterday for the first time . . ."

"Falling over your suitcase?"

"Exactly. I'd been watching. Do you know what you did? At first you drooped; even your mouth- corners drooped. Then after a while . . ."

"I felt like howling with rage."

"Your small chin came up, your shoulders squared, and a fighting light came into your eyes. I thought . . ."

He paused, and when he spoke again his voice was vibrant with emotion. "I thought there she is. Do you mind?"

Felicity's heart thudded painfully. "I don't mind. But I'm not sure I understand you."

He piloted her to an alcove, but as they stopped dancing he kept his arm round her. "Felicity, I've been looking for you all my life. The girl who can take troubles on the chin

can be simple and natural and honest."

"I've been looking for you such a long time that I'm not really rushing things. I'd just like to know . . . have I found you?"

Felicity said nothing, but she let her hand remain in his. Presently she looked up at him. "It isn't the dress, and this heavenly, heavenly place?"

"No. It's . . . oh, how shall I explain? It's you. Your courage, your sense of humor, your smile, the tilt of your head . . . everything."

"I'm sure you mean that, Richard. Thank you very much—I do appreciate it. But . . . we're different, you see."

"Listen, my father was wearing holey bedroom slippers when you came in last night."

"When you went to wash before supper, my mother begged him to change them. He wouldn't. That's the sort I come from, Richard."

He laughed. "Me, too. You should hear Mother nagging my old Dad. But she just gives it up and laughs in the end. He's incurable! Will you nag me, darling?"

"Maybe," she told him de-

murely, laughter dimpling the corners of her mouth.

"Then can I hope?"

"I'd like to know you a bit better first, but—" She smiled up at him brilliantly. "Let's both hope."

The lilting waltz began again. He took her in his arms and she was content to be there. He bent his head and brushed her hair with his lips. "Darling!" he murmured.

When Felicity got home, everyone was in bed except Tapper, who was waiting for her, banging his over-long tail in happy triumph on the floor.

Squirming with love and delight, he laid a dirty object at her feet.

"Tapper, you dirty animal—what on earth? Oh!"

She stooped down to pick up Tapper's muddy tribute.

It was Hoti, the god of luck . . . retrieved from the herbaceous border.

She held him tenderly on her extended palm, blew him a kiss. "Thank you," she whispered, "oh, thank you, Hoti!"

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386



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388



389

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F2395



F2394

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F2399

F2398

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F2398.—Beginners' pattern for pinafore frock in redingote style with gored skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material and 1½yds. 54in. contrast. Price, 2/-.

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F2397.—Smart suit with pleated skirt and waist-tied jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires: Jacket, 1½yds. 54in. material; skirt, 2½yds. 54in. material; or jacket, 2½yds. 36in. material; skirt, 3½yds. 36in. material; and 3yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

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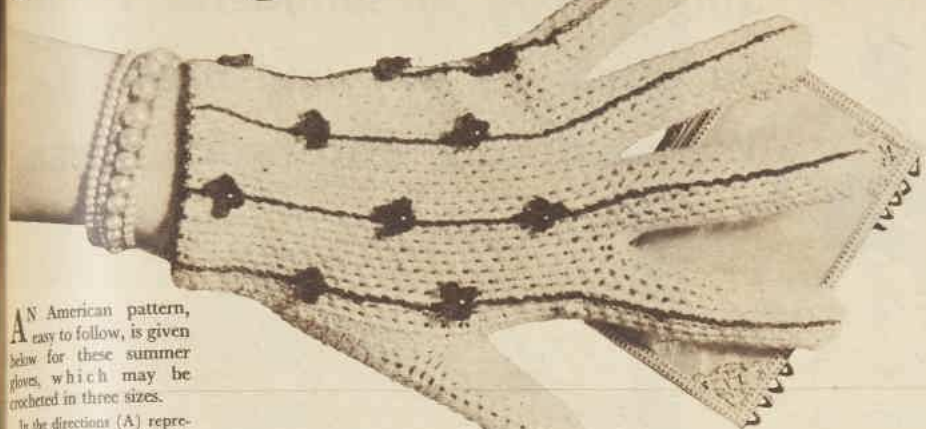
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Cotton gloves in crochet



AN American pattern, easy to follow, is given below for these summer gloves, which may be crocheted in three sizes.

In the directions (A) represents small size, (B) medium, and (C) large.

GLOVES

Materials: 2 balls "Milford" knitting cotton, size 8, selected color; 1 ball Clark's "Anchor" Fil a Denelles, selected color; Milford's steel crochet hooks Nos. 1½ and 3½; 20 small glass beads of matching color.

Gauges: 5 d.c. and 4 ch-1 sp. make 1 in.; 8 rows make 1 in. **Abbreviations:** Ch, chain; d.c., double crochet; sp., space; inc., increase; dec., decrease; st. (s), stitch (es); sl-st., slip-stitch.

Measurements: To fit (A) small; (B) medium; (C) large.

LEFT GLOVE—BACK OF HAND

Starting at little finger side with "Milford" cotton and 1½ hook chain—(A) 67 sts., (B) 73 sts., (C) 79 sts.

1st Row: D.c. in 3rd ch. from hook, * ch. 1, skip next ch., d.c. in next ch. Rep. from * across. Ch. 2, turn. Mark this end for tip of finger.

2nd Row: Skip first d.c., * d.c. in next ch-1 sp., ch. 1, skip next d.c. Rep. from * across, ending with d.c. in last sp. Ch. 2, turn. The 2nd row establishes the patt. Work in patt. throughout, inc. 1 d.c. at tip of finger on 3rd row (to inc. 1 d.c., make d.c., ch. 1 and d.c. in same ch-1 sp.) and dec. 1 d.c. at tip of finger on 5th row.

To dec. 1 d.c., (insert hook

in next ch-1 sp., thread over hook and draw loop through) twice; thread over hook and draw through all loops on hook. Cont. in patt. until 6 rows in all have been made.

Work is at wrist edge. (Measure glove against hand frequently to ensure proper fit.)

Ring Finger: Work across to last (A) 9 sts., (B) 10 sts., (C) 11 sts. Ch-1 sp., ch. (A) 25 sts., (B) 27 sts., (C) 29 sts.

Next Row: D.c. in 3rd ch. from hook, * ch. 1, skip next ch., d.c. in next ch. Rep. from * across chain, cont. across in patt. Ch. 2, turn.

Work in patt. over these sts. for 7 rows, inc. 1 d.c. at tip of finger on 2nd row and dec. 1 d.c. at tip of finger on 6th row.

Middle Finger: Work across to last (A) 11 sts.; (B) 12 sts.; (C) 13 sts.; ch. (A) 27 sts., (B) 29 sts., (C) 31 sts.

Work as for ring finger.

Index Finger: Work across to last (A) 12 sts.; (B) 13 sts.; (C) 14 sts.; ch. (A) 25 sts.; (B) 27 sts.; (C) 29 sts.

Work as for ring finger.

Break off.

PALM

Starting at little finger side, work as for back of hand until middle finger has been completed. Work is at wrist edge.

QUICKLY AND EASILY MADE, these crocheted gloves are smart and cool for summer wear.

FRONT OF THUMB

Work over the next (A) 17 sps.; (B) 18 sps.; (C) 19 sps., ch. (A) 23 sts.; (B) 25 sts.; (C) 27 sts. Turn.

Next Row: D.c. in 3rd ch. from hook, * ch. 1, skip next ch., d.c. in next ch. Rep. from * across chain. Work in patt. across next (A) 17 sps.; (B) 18 sps.; (C) 19 sps.

Work over these sts. only as for ring finger, inc. 1 d.c. at end of 2nd row. Ch. 2, turn.

3rd Row: Work in patt. to within 6th sp. from wrist edge, sl-st. st. in next sp. Turn.

4th Row: Work in patt. across. Cont. to work as for ring finger until 9 rows have been completed, dec. 1 d.c. at tip of thumb on 8th row. Break off.

BACK OF THUMB AND INDEX FINGER

Attach thread to starting chain at tip of thumb. Work in patt. across starting chain of thumb, work in patt. to within (A) 12 sps.; (B) 13 sps.; (C) 14 sps., from tip of middle finger, ch. (A) 25 sts.; (B) 27 sts.; (C) 29 sts.

D.c. in 3rd ch. from hook, ch. 1, and cont. in patt. across chain and across thumb. Ch. 2, turn. Work 6 more rows as before over these sts. only, inc. and dec. as before at tip of

both thumb and index finger.

Work 1 more row across thumb. Break off.

For medium size—work 1 row of d.c. around edges of all fingers on back of hand.

For large size—work 1 row of d.c. around edges of all fingers on back of hand and on palm. Press pieces through a damp cloth. Sew palm and back pieces together, leaving wrist edge open. Sew thumb seam.

RIGHT GLOVE

Work same as for left glove, reversing pieces when joining.

FLOWER

Make 20. Starting at centre with chosen color and using No. 5½ hook, ch. 5, 2 dbl. tr. in 5th ch. from hook, ch. 4, d.c. in same place, (ch. 4, 2 dbl. tr. in same place, ch. 4, d.c. in same place) 3 times. Break off. Using chosen color double and starting at tip of each finger, embroider 1 row of stem-st. along centre row of each finger on back of hand, ending at wrist edge.

Do not embroider thumb. Sew flowers on stripes, spacing them alternately with a bead in the centre of each. Using chosen color double, d.c. closely around wrist edge with a No. 1½ hook.

(The design has been made available to us exclusively by "Good Housekeeping Magazine.")

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SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Shakespeare Head Press, Sydney.

High collar with flattering line

A PRETTY coronation-year style is the Elizabethan collar. Made of organdie and trimmed with lace and sequins, the one illustrated at the right is effective worn with a dark dress.

Here are directions for making the collar using the

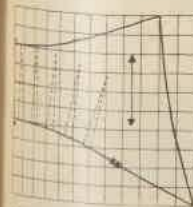


Diagram for collar pattern. One square equals 1 inch. Arrows mark straight grain of fabric, dotted lines mark darts, CB is centre back, XX neck edge.

diagram below to make the pattern.

Materials: ¾yd. organdie, 45in. wide; 1½yd. lace edging, ¾in. wide; bias binding and 30 iridescent sequins.

Make a pattern from the diagram below, allowing ½in. all round for seams. Cut one piece for upper collar with centre back on fold. Cut two pieces for under collar, allowing ½in. seam at centre back.

Stitch darts in upper collar and press towards centre back. Join two under collar pieces together at centre back and press seam open; stitch darts and press. Place two collar pieces with right sides together and stitch round outside edge, leaving neck edge "XX" unstitched. Turn to right side and press.

Bind raw neck edge with bias binding. Stitch lace in position, mitring corners as in photograph. Arrange and sew sequins at even intervals all over collar.

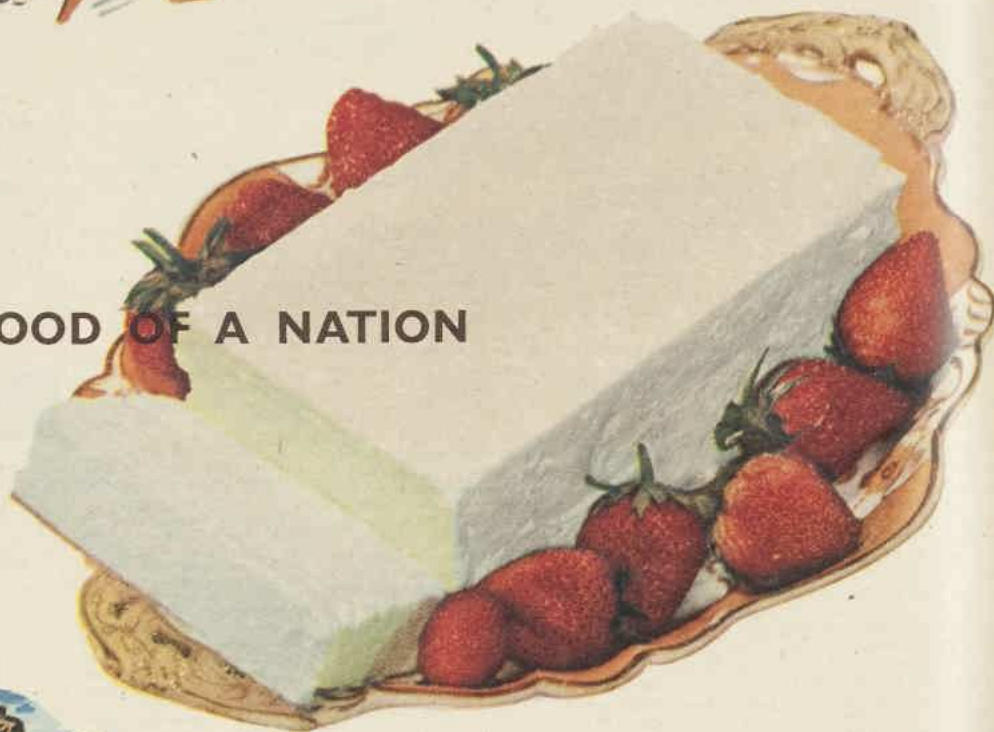


ELIZABETHAN COLLAR. Organdie with narrow lace finishing the outside edge and scattered iridescent sequins, which give a shimmering, transparent effect to the collar. Directions for making are given at left.



Sing a song of summer,
So warm by day and night,
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To make each meal just right!

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JUST IN FROM THE SURF!
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Novel effects with flowers

• Wall vases for flowers or hanging plants, which can be made at trifling cost, provide lively accents in room decoration.

SOME suggestions are: A corner arrangement in the breakfast alcove, a cascade of flowers and greenery above the sideboard in the dining-room, a "cage" of greenery in a window bay or sunroom.

Look about your rooms for settings for similar arrangements to the trio illustrated on this page.

The hanging "cage" shown at right filled with decorative ivy could be easily copied by anyone who has a rudimentary knowledge of basket-work.

To put the plant and container for water or wet sand inside the basket, press up the centre ring and widen two of the flexible cane bars.

A tall glass jar with a wide mouth and covered with painted raffia made the container for the wall arrangement shown below.

Either buy rattan strips or split raffia. Starting at the base, stitch the edges firmly together. Add a wide rim and



CANE "CAGE" with its trailing plant is designed to swing in a porch, sunroom, or bay window. The cage can be easily made by anyone with knowledge of basket-work.

a loop for hanging. Use crumpled chicken wire in the neck of the jar to anchor the flowers and greenery.

Three jam jars tied together with cord make the container for the corner arrangement shown below.

Begin by tying two jars

together, side by side. Place the third jar in front and tie it securely so that it drops a little in front of the other two.

Make a loop of the cord so that the group of jars will hang from a picture hook. Squeeze some chicken wire in the necks of jars, fill with water, hang, and arrange flowers.

When arranging flowers and greenery in a group container like this, see that the jars and knotted cord are covered.

In the wall-piece shown below nasturtium leaves were used with good effect and the flowers bunched to mass the color.

Wall brackets on a stair landing, or two, set one above the other beside a kitchen window, make useful stands for pots, brightly painted and filled with wet sand and trails of ivy or other artistically arranged greenery.



PLAITED RAFFIA jacket on a tall glass jar made the container (above) for this charming wall arrangement.



THREE JAM JARS were tied together with cord to make the container (right) for this cascade of flowers to decorate a corner of a room.

NEW Faster-Lathering SUNLIGHT

gets children's garments really clean



A touch of new faster-lathering Sunlight on those extra dirty spots loosens every last speck of dirt—gets them "Sunlight-clean"

New Sunlight's better-than-ever!

Now new Sunlight makes more lather—faster! Not thin skimpy lather but heaps and heaps of glorious thick lather! And new Sunlight has a new smoothness—no rough, ragged edges, no wasteful crumbly surfaces you'll find with ordinary bar soaps. And new Sunlight comes to you in two big easy to manage bars instead of three small ones.



NEW SUNLIGHT IS ALL-PURE . . . YOUR HANDS AS WELL AS YOUR CLOTHES WILL TELL YOU SO!

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Enjoy Peek Frean's cream biscuits



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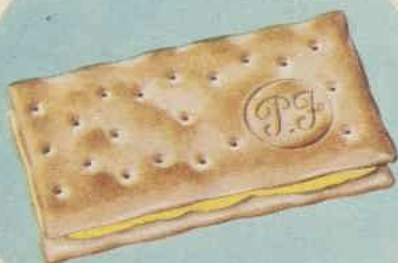


BOURN VITA CREAM



CREAMETTE

See them  Try them  Taste them 



LEMON PUFF CREAM



ORANGES & LEMONS



CHERRY RIPE

Ask your grocer for

Peek Frean's CREAM BISCUITS

served from this bright new tin



The Seagull said Murder

Our dramatic two-part novel by MARGOT NEVILLE

NEIGHBORS grow anxious and investigate after HENRY CRABTREE has apparently been sitting continuously for two days on the roof garden of his home at Jensen's Point holiday resort. They find that the roof-top figure is not Henry, but THEA TYLER, shot dead and wrapped in his bathrobe.

Those involved in subsequent developments include Henry's wife, ERNA; BARBARA SMITH and DIANA HENDERSON, who conduct the next-door guest-house, Seaview; IAN SINGLETON; and ARTHUR FINCH, his sister, LUCY PETERSON, and her son, SPRIG, guests at Seaview; while soon after the discovery of the murder, Finch is attacked presumably by an escaped convict, LONERGAN.

RUSSELL TYLER, Thea's estranged husband, is badly incriminated by the fact that KATRINE BASSETT, secretly in love with him, took to him for safe-keeping a revolver with which Thea threatened to shoot herself. His whereabouts and Crabtree's at the time of the murder are vital factors, and now INSPECTOR GROGAN, in charge of the case with DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING, has extracted from MRS. KEITH, a charwoman, and Mrs. Peterson, information they had withheld about Crabtree. NOW READ ON:

PART 2

HENRY gulped down the last of his coffee and stubbed out his cigarette butt. "You'd like a word with me? Certainly. Right." He got up from his place between Erna and Diana on the roomy Victorian sofa and followed Grogan through the folding doors into the dining-room.

Mrs. Peterson's compact figure was just disappearing out the other door as they entered. "Well, Inspector, anything further?" Henry asked.

"Quite a bit, Mr. Crabtree. Why did you state last night that you went to town on the Monday afternoon at five o'clock?"

"Eh?"

"When now we learn that you telephoned Mrs. Keith—"

"Oh, my gosh!"

"... with reference to the laundry, from your place here at the Point at twenty-past eight on the Tuesday morning?"

"Oh, my gosh! Blown up by my own fireworks! Too clever by half, that's my trouble."

"Do you admit this?"

"I do. At least, I telephoned her." His plump face shone moistly.

"At eight-twenty?"

"To the tick. If she says so. But—but not from down here. That's the whole crux of the matter."

"What do you mean? She says you said you were just leaving."

"Look, Inspector," Russell said vehemently, "everyone else thinks this escaped convict's the murderer. Why don't you?"

"I know, I know! It was all part of a—well, Inspector, a most reprehensible little intrigue. Reprehensible, but watertight if it hadn't been for this poor young woman getting murdered on our roof. But how was I to foresee that?"

Words began to troth from Henry's pink pouting mouth, really, he and his wife—though voted couple, really, in this case—odd what a worm circumstances, in this case—odd what a worm you could be made to look, when really—

Grogan waited. Let him spout; let him bounce to the sideboard, get a glass, pour himself a glass of claret, drink it quickly, saying,

Illustrated by
LASKIE



"What a mess I've landed myself in!" before he put the next question to him:

"Where do you maintain you did telephone from?"

"Let me explain. Just as I told you, I left here at five o'clock on Monday afternoon. I drove up to town, but instead of joining my wife I dropped in to see a friend of mine. A girl. Her name? Mona Berry. She has a little flat in Capri Road. I had dinner there with her and spent the evening, and—well, landed up staying the whole night!"

His voice rose, aggrieved. "I'd no intention of anything of the sort, but you know how it is. Well, it was from her flat that I telephoned Mrs. Keith on Tuesday morning."

"Funny. What was the big idea of that? You didn't have to account to Mrs. Keith for your movements, did you?"

"No, no, of course not. I know it sounds all very nasty, but—well, you see... my wife doesn't like the clean linen being left on the back porch, and I thought she'd say to Mrs. Keith, 'Why didn't you knock?' Mr. Crabtree was at home, and then Mrs. Keith would say, 'Ah! but he wasn't. He rang me at eight-twenty to say he was just leaving.' You see what I mean? Corroborative evidence, if my wife had had any suspicions about me being with Mona instead of here."

"Yes... very clever," the inspector said; and he thought, it was neat, too, whether he'd thought it up on the Tuesday morning to fool his wife or right now. "Anyone be able to give us supporting evidence of this story?" he asked.

"Well..." Henry spread his hands, a trick he'd caught from Erna: "Mona, Mona Berry, of course. She will tell us the very nice for the poor girl, but she'll own up to it as I'm apparently in such a fix."

"A lady friend's alibi? H'm!... Grogan glanced briefly at the constable taking notes, and back to Henry: "A lady friend's alibi is about as convincing as a wife's."

"But this is fantastic!" The expression on Henry's face seemed to beg for reasonable treatment. "You really ought to use your nut once in a while. I mean, if I'd been here and had shot Mrs. Tyler—for some unimaginable reason—would I have been such a cast-iron idiot as to ring Mrs. Keith and announce my presence here? I ask you?"

"Look, Mr. Crabtree, when people commit a crime like murder there's no knowing what they'll do afterwards. Sometimes they panic, go clean to pieces, can't think at all. There's just one other little thing, too. How do you account for the fact that Mrs. Peterson saw your light on at eleven-thirty on the Monday night?"

Henry stiffened, fingers tightening on his chair. Was his face for an instant shot with a flicker of dismay? "My light?" he stammered. "What light?"

"A light in your study window, the room that faces this way. She says she went into the bathroom at eleven-thirty, the blinds were up in your study and the light was full on."

Henry wasn't at a loss, anyhow, for more than a second. He said quickly: "Well, I'm not going to say she didn't. And I'm not going to say I'm enormously surprised."

"How's that?"

"I mean, as this murder took place about eight hours later, why shouldn't this bloke who did it—this Lonergan, say—have got into my house and stayed there all night? He may have seen me drive away, been glad of an empty house after some cave in the bush."

"And light up for anybody to see? When they knew you and your wife were away I

THE SEAGULL SAID MURDER . . . By MARGOT NEVILLE

reckon Lonergan would be a lot smarter than that."

"All right, all right, have it your way. I don't know who it was then. That's your job to find out. All I know is it wasn't me."

"Does your wife know where you spent the Monday night?"

"Yes, yes, she does, now."

Grogan stepped to the folding doors again. He asked Erna to come into the dining-room.

Henry met her half-way across the room. "Darling, there's a fearful flap on here! I did tell you, didn't I—"

"Just a minute. I'll put this question, Mrs. Crabtree, where do you believe your husband spent Monday night?"

"Monday night," Erna said in her cool tone, glancing from the inspector to Henry and back again. She walked deliberately forward to the table. "I understand that he went to dinner with a friend called Mona Berry, and remained at her apartment until next morning when it was time to come to his office."

Grogan looked at her thoughtfully. Her tone had been indulgent, her face as smooth as soap. Her jealous! Jealous enough to call into play all the mental gymnastics the little bloke said he'd gone in for? Well, you could never tell. And was he looking cocky now!

"You see?" he said. "I told her last night when you'd all cleared out."

"Yeah," Grogan said. "You had to. You had to tell her something as she knew you'd led about being with her. Better to let her think you were up in town with one girl than down here murdering another."

Henry seemed about to explode, but Erna still wasn't ruffled. "You are quite on the wrong track, Inspector. My husband isn't interested in a major sin like murder. But, of course, there is so much going on here of which you naturally know nothing."

"Too right there! That's what we're here to find out. If people connected with a crime were to spill the set-up for their own bait—well, it'd be too easy, wouldn't it? The C.I.B. go out of business. But just what were you referring to?"

"Well, my husband, when he stays down here alone, always rings Barbara Smith and asks her to provide dinner for him. But always. He would never dream of trying to cook a meal. So why did he not come here for a meal on the Monday evening? Ask her. Ask Miss Smith if he arranged anything with her."

Summoned, Barbara stood between the open folding doors, one hand holding a cigarette.

Grogan said: "Does Mr. Crabtree always ring and ask you to give him dinner when he's here without his wife?"

"She blew a jet of smoke. 'How can I say? He often does. But how can I say how often he's down here and doesn't?'"

Erna took a step forward. "That is purely malicious, Barbara. When he is at Jensen's Point you always know it."

"How do I know it?"

"Someone mentions it, or you meet on the beach."

"Not me. I've got a full-time job here. I've got precious little time for your club at the Point."

Grogan asked: "So you mean you mightn't have known whether he was here on the Monday night or not?"

"That's what I mean."

"Well," Henry burst out, "you know —"

"It might have been worth your while, Barbara," Erna

broke in, "to spend more time on the beach."

"What do you mean?"

"Then you'd have been able to defend yourself when Mrs. Tyler accused you of trying to kill her."

It was a risk to cross swords with Erna Crabtree, because when she was pressed she didn't hesitate to dip hers in poison.

However, Barbara said coolly: "So I was informed."

"What made her say that?" Grogan asked.

Erna enlightened him. "Mr. Tyler arranged for a dinner to be taken from here down to his wife every night. A very necessary precaution, so that poor girl wouldn't starve herself quite to death."

"A long way to go to get a dinner. Who took it to her?"

"Diana Henderson. And she used to stay there too long—so Miss Smith thought—chatting and drinking with Mrs. Tyler. Just at the busy time of evening, you know." Erna's tone was smooth. "Anyhow, it all became very emotional, and one day last week on the beach Mrs. Tyler, before quite a number of us, accused Barbara Smith of trying to poison her. She said she had been ill all night after eating a dish of cutlets and spinach you sent her, Barbara."

"Really? I'm not surprised. And I'll bet that wasn't the only night. The mixture of stuff she drank! But why should I have wanted to kill poor Thea? She was killing herself fast enough—for anyone who wasn't short of time."

IAN SINGLETON gave a short, hard laugh. He was standing near the doorway not far behind Barbara, coffee-cup in hand.

Barbara asked Grogan sharply. "Have you discovered yet who the dark man was who was seen going into Mrs. Tyler's cottage with her at ten o'clock on the night before she was killed?"

Grogan was watching them intently. He asked Ian: "Did you know Mrs. Tyler well?"

"Well, I've only been here a couple of weeks but... yes, I got friendly with her in a kind of way."

"Did you see her at all on the Monday night?"

"No, I didn't... What's all this about? Has anyone said I was with her?"

"No, but we're trying to check up on everyone's movements, because the people at the fruit shop say they saw her at ten o'clock with a man, a dark man, going into her house."

"Indeed? Not me."

"She was wearing a bright red and green and white pull-over—wide stripes going round—short white sleeves. The pull-over disappeared. It's not in her wardrobe or in her house."

Nobody had anything to say to this. Barbara turned, walked back into the drawing-room, picked up some coffee-cups and went out with them.

Grogan asked Ian: "On Tuesday, did you happen to be near Mrs. Tyler's house, drop along to see her, not knowing she was dead?"

"No. Not on Tuesday."

"Did you happen to be round the back there and see a loaf of bread on her doorstep?"

"I told you—I wasn't near her house at all on Tuesday. As a matter of fact, I was out the best part of the day."

"Out? Where were you?"

"I took a bus to see a bit of the country round. It went as far as Lindavale and I got out and had some lunch there and caught the three o'clock bus back."

"Not much of a place to lunch. Is there a pub there?"

Ian looked at him steadily.

"Yes, there is. The Old England."

Barbara pushed open the door. She was holding in both hands a spread-out newspaper. She crossed the room slowly, carefully, so that what was laid out on the paper wouldn't be disturbed.

"Would this be what you're looking for, Inspector?" she asked.

He crossed over and stood beside her. "I should say it was."

There wasn't a great deal of it left. Fire had consumed three-quarters of it, but, with the caprice of fire, it had smouldered to a stop, leaving intact a part of the front, broad red and green stripes and the top of one white sleeve.

"Does anyone remember seeing Mrs. Tyler in this garment?" Grogan asked.

Diana, at the far end of the drawing-room, pouring coffee for Sprig, splashed it into the saucer. A glance that couldn't be kept in check went raying to Ian, and then on to Barbara.

Barbara answered crisply: "Yes, I remember it. You do, too, don't you, Di?"

As though fascinated, her eyes fastened on the relic, Diana came down the room. "Yes," she said in a breathless, frightened whisper. "Yes, I—I think I remember seeing Thea in it."

"Where did you find this, Miss Smith?" Grogan asked.

"Under our laundry copper. It's an ancient wood-burning affair."

"What made you look there?"

"Well, this morning I went into the washhouse to throw some old newspapers into a box. No washing's done there now; hasn't been for ages. Well, as I threw the newspapers down I was dimly puzzled—though it didn't register at the time—I mean I fancied there was a smell of burning, and when you said this just now about this pullover having disappeared—well, I don't know... this burning smell—just popped up into my consciousness."

"How very timely!" Ian said, heavy sarcasm in his tone.

Henry had come forward, too, and was stooping over the charred mess on the table.

"But why would anyone want to burn her pullover? The thing you say she wore the night before. She was shot on our roof in a bathrobe."

"She was found on your roof in a bathrobe," Grogan corrected him. "But now it looks like she could've been wearing this sweater when she was shot, and put into the bathrobe to create the very impression that was created, that the body was you. There's not much of this thing left to say what state it was in when they put a match to it."

Not much... He stooped lower... The glass might show something. "This laundry of yours is across the yard, isn't it?"

"Yes. Next to the woodshed."

"Do you lock it up?"

"No, never. I don't think it's got a key."

"Anyone could've gone in there, then, and stuck this thing under the copper and set a light to it."

Erna said suddenly: "Oh, what a pity, what a thousand pities, this man Reeves wasn't able to give a better description of the man who went into Mrs. Tyler's house with her! He could remember what she was wearing, but the dark man—"

She looked at Ian Singleton.

Grogan folded up the burnt sweater and took it out to the car. From there he called Police Headquarters and talked to Manning. The satisfaction

that spread over his face was as visible as the glistening sweat on his forehead from the moist heat of the night.

At the end of his talk he gave Manning Mona Berry's address. "Go right round there, Les. See if you can break down their story. Bust this alibi somehow."

Back in the dining-room he found only Erna and Henry left.

"Now look, Mr. Crabtree," the inspector said, with all the understanding in the world: "I can see just what happened. You got scared. You wouldn't be the first. Believe me, we're seeing it every day—perfectly innocent people running around for a fake alibi when they'd be much safer to stick to the plain truth."

"A fake alibi?"

"Yes. You couldn't bring yourself to admit you were down here at Jensen's Point, in your own house, all the Monday night and on the Tuesday morning. Why don't you admit that that story of yours about being up with your lady friend was all a little yarn? Now, come on... I'm not kidding you... It'll be the better for you... How about it?"

Grogan stood over him waiting for him to say, "Yes, that's right, that's how it was." Instead, Henry got to his feet again and threw his cigarette out the window impetuously, losing his composure suddenly, unexpectedly, for the first time.

"I'm not going to say another word," he shouted. "I'm not going to fall into any police trap. I'll have a lawyer here before I open my mouth again."

Katrine had worked herself up into a fine state of jitter by nine o'clock that evening. On the pretext of posting some letters she escaped from the family circle, slid her car out of the garage, and drove to Thea's house. She tapped at the front door, and went in.

Russell was seated at the table, surrounded by papers, crumpled papers, papers in neat piles, letters, bills, receipts, not so many of these last. There was a pile of cigarette butts too, and a bottle and glass.

He got up as she stepped inside. His face made no pretence of welcome; hers was frankly apologetic.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

She stammered, "I—I came along to tell you something, to try and warn you."

"Warn me! He didn't come a step nearer to meet her. 'Isn't anybody trying to warn you? Coming here at this hour of night, after such an event! Go away, Katrine. Go home, please.'"

"No," she said, and moved a step nearer. "I'm not going till I've told you what I came to. You needn't worry, no one knows I'm here. It's about what Mrs. Keith's saying."

He faced her, his eyes snapping at her. "Washerwoman's gossip!"

"This is no gossip. It's a fearful, threatening fact. She says that Henry Crabtree rang her up from his house down here early on Tuesday morning."

He turned and stared at her, his eyes narrowing. "What's that? Tuesday morning?"

"Yes. At twenty past eight, she says."

"Tuesday morning? But Crabtree stated definitely that he wasn't here."

"I know. But she says—just as definitely—that he was."

"She's making some sort of mistake. He must have been speaking from town."

"That's what I said to her. But she's got it all absolutely

pat and she's gloating over it. She's a horrible woman, Mrs. Keith. She's glad to be able to hurt people."

"Don't talk such rubbish. She's afraid they're going to hurt her, that's all, so she tries to get in first. Anyhow, can you help him? You do know anything about movements, you can't—"

"But listen, listen!" cried. "The point is, if she convinces the police that Henry was here, then he couldn't be the sinner up there on the roof the first time it was seen, at eight, and you—"

"En? ... What? ... his face showed he'd almost seen the answer."

"She could have been seen at midday."

He said slowly, "And as she can't find the bullet to prove that she wasn't shot with the gun you so kindly put in my hands—'The words came out with a cutting edge.'"

Her eyes lifted and then on him, imploring him to say that, that blot of black marks against her. He was rummaging on the table for cigarettes, his pipe file turned to her.

He was saying: "Is Mrs. Keith going to take this information to the police, do you know?"

"Sure to. She may have one so already for all I know, tried with all my might to shut her up."

He turned sharply. "What?"

"I did. I warned her that she'd land herself in trouble if she didn't stop spreading this story."

"Oh, good heavens!"

"I don't see—"

"You do see," he snapped at her. "She will, anyhow, be being in such a passion to keep her quiet."

Of course she saw—that was everyone must.

"Why couldn't you have told that revolver with Thea?" he said. "She'd never have used it. She wasn't really unhappy. She led a very pleasant existence down here. It isn't her down to the ground."

It's all such a mess, a miserable squalling mess. And I seem to be getting deeper into it."

"I know it's all my fault," she said. "That's why I'm trying to help you to undo the awful trouble I've landed you in."

"Well, you can't. You're only doing me more harm, supplying the traditional motive as well as the gun. So run away. Why aren't you home playing rummy or pat, pong or something? I'm thanking your lucky stars you can go!"

He strode up and down the room, running his hand through his hair, caged and helpless. "If only I could slam the door of this place and wake up and find myself in London or New York, forget Thea and what a nightmare everything to do with her was."

Everything. That includes me, Katrine thought. She turned her head away, unable to keep back the tears, the insulted, injured tears, went towards the door.

"Then she stopped. 'Then someone coming,' she said. 'Had I better—shall I try to slip out?'"

"No, stay where you are. They'll have heard me shouting at you."

And, of course, it was the detectives. They'd crossed the verandah and were in the room—the inspector and the constable—before she could possibly have got out, if she even hoped to.

Once again they were caught alone together in this empty house. Absurd, of course, to think of it as "caught," that somehow was what it felt. And, worse still, felt looked.

The inspector was looking

himself, "I must say,
The Australian Women's W

... wife difficult, impossible to live with. But I didn't try to live with her, so I didn't hate

by you — and that he drove
down here immediately after-

She walked a few paces in front of her car. The lights

under the stairs. The police
She must ring and tell them
what had happened. Un-
steadily, her hands began

"Do you know the name of any of Miss Berry's friends?"

"No. I know that she has a

good many people in to see her, but I haven't met any. I've dropped in to see her once or twice myself over some little matter and we've had a chat, that's about all."

"Would you be likely to remember anything about last Monday night, with reference to Miss Berry?"

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THE SEAGULL SAID MURDER . . . By MARGOT NEVILLE

Inspector knocked, and after a casual good-morning, she went back to her tray of fruit and coffee on the window seat. "Sorry to interrupt you, Miss Berry," Grogan said.

"That's all right, I'm just finishing." She swallowed down the coffee and pushed the tray aside.

The inspector classified the room "bohemian." Last night's glasses and ashtrays, unmatched bits of furniture, paints and paint brushes, pictures half finished and otherwise.

"It's about this affair of Mr. Crabtree," he said.

"Oh, yes. There was a policeman here last night, asking about it."

"That's right. You told the sergeant that Mr. Crabtree came for dinner on last Monday evening and spent the night here."

She nodded and leant over and found cigarettes on the nearby table and lighted one.

Miss Berry's attractions triumphed over a not very striking appearance. Her figure was the best part of her, though to the inspector's eye, not shown to advantage, in a doubtfully clean "sloppy joe" and a pair of pedal-pushers. Still, all in all, he thought, if Crabtree's story was true, he wasn't by any means to be pitied.

He said, standing at the other end of the seat and looking down at her: "Now look, Miss Berry, you say he was here, but your landlady says he wasn't."

"Mrs. Warburton? What does she know about it?"

"Quite a bit, evidently. Perhaps you've forgotten that she came in here at eight-thirty that night to borrow a stamp from you?"

"No, I hadn't forgotten. My memory's every bit as good as Mrs. Warburton's."

"Then how do you account for the fact that she found you alone?"

"I wasn't alone."

"With one cup of coffee and a book lying open beside you?"

"Camouflage. When she knocked at the door Mr. Crabtree picked up his cup and stepped into the kitchen."

"Go on! Why?"

"Oh, you know . . . A lot of small talk. He wasn't feeling like it."

"I'd say Mr. Crabtree was a very friendly sort of man, always on for a talk with anyone."

"Would you? He has his moods like other people. And Mrs. Warburton can hold up the door."

"How did you know it was her when you heard the knock?"

"I heard her come down the passage."

"Did you? She couldn't hear the two of you talking from in there?"

"No. She's a bit deaf, I think, poor old thing."

"I see . . . This girl was cool. If she was a liar she was a good one. You know what we think, Miss Berry?"

"I can guess. That sergeant, or whatever he was last night . . ."

Grogan laughed. "That's right! I'll bet he told you; and his tone said let's get together and not have any secrets from each other. 'I reckon that Mr. Crabtree got scared about being on the scene of this murder and asked you to say he was here, and you being broad-minded, you said, all right, you'd help a pal.'"

"You're wrong," she said.

"Am I? I bet you're right." He eyed her warmly.

"You read about the murder, did you?"

"Naturally I read about it. 'Didn't he ring you next day, or the same night, to have a little talk about it?'"

"No. I expect the murder squeezed me out of his mind."

"And hasn't he telephoned you since?"

"No."

"You know, since we're getting friendly, Miss Berry, it's hard to believe this story about you and him. A girl like you. Why, he's old enough to be your father."

"Not really. He's forty-seven, I'm twenty-eight."

"But that's a big difference."

"She shrugged and blew the ash off her cigarette out the window."

"Have you known him long?"

"A year or so. I met him at a picture exhibition."

"Did he phone anyone from here before he left in the morning?"

"Now did she hesitate or didn't she?"

"She said: 'He may have. I was in the kitchen frying bacon and eggs. I wouldn't have heard him.'"

"Where's the telephone?"

"In the bedroom."

"No, Mona Berry was all of a piece. She wouldn't mind helping Crabtree out in a lie. And if their story was to be broken down there'd have to be a flaw in it. Hard words from the police wouldn't be enough."

He left her, hearing the door being shut quietly behind him.

That round to Miss Berry, he thought, standing on the top step and looking across the lazy-morning street. He went down, got into the car, and drove to Police Headquarters.

Arrived there, he found a memo on his desk from the Analyst Department. The stain on the bit of cat's fur—it was dye—hair dye—black.

When the sun was high on a summer morning the vegetable garden at Seaview steamed and stirred with almost visible growth.

With its sweet scents and quiet and shadows it was a demesne for nymphs and sylphs to disport themselves in, rather than for the two dark-clad, outside men who were prowling there at ten-thirty that morning.

Grogan was stooping over the bed of spinach and fingering a leaf. He said: "Cutlets and spinach was what was sent down to her the night she reckoned she was being poisoned."

"You'd need to ladle it out with a spoon to poison anyone with derris dust," Manning observed sceptically.

"That's right." The inspector stood up, tossed away the leaf and dusted his hands, looked across the spinach bed at the sergeant. "By the way, Les, what do you guess was on that bit of cat's fur? Hair dye, black hair dye?"

"So what?"

"What's a feller do when he breaks a gal? Disguises himself, changes the color of his hair."

"What's a woman do when she finds the first silver streak in hers?"

"This Tyler girl was a blonde."

"Blondes sometimes get tired of the color of their hair."

"Not her type. That's not the kind of bottle she went in for."

"All right then, here's another. What's a bloke do, a bloke of thirty-five, going grey already, when he starts to fall for a kid of eighteen?"

Grogan was pulling spikes of lavender and crushing them. "My word, that smells sweet! She's more than eighteen."

"That's all she looks."

"She's twenty-one at least. Pretty little kid. The point is, Les, if it was Loneragan, did

he spill that dye on that cat before or after he dyed his hair?"

"Eh?"

"I mean, if it was before, he might've been too canny to go on with the job. For fear we'd get on to it and people'd start looking for a black-haired Loneragan. If it was after, of course, he couldn't have done anything about it."

"Except kill and bury the cat."

"Ever seen this cat? Wild! If you spilt anything on it it'd be out the window like—like a scalded cat. And he mightn't be having any time to walk about the bush calling puss, puss, puss. Furthermore, why wasn't there the remains of the dye on the bathroom shelf, or the bottle among the empties?"

Manning sighed and edged a little further into the shade. "Well, you must have a theory. Shoot. Did he break in when she was out?"

"Not necessary . . . The type of girl she was, all out for kicking conventional society—say she runs across him on the beach or somewhere, and kids him on to tell his story and takes him into her house to give him a feed. She'd maybe get a sort of kick out of helping him. Some women do. Then the two of 'em start in on dyeing his hair and—well, as I said, we don't know whether they went on with that or not."

"Then they have a few drinks, and then later he begins to think the next time she gets drunk she'll spill all this about meeting him to the first person she runs across. So there's only one thing for him to do. He shoots her on the Crabtrees' roof. Don't ask me what they were doing there or how they got in. She had a key, it's my belief. And Crabtree keeps a nice little cellar."

"And what about that burnt sweater? Burnt under the copper here." Manning's tone was deflating.

"The sweater, eh? . . . yes . . . Bit of a cow, isn't it?"

Manning said: "In my opinion you've wiped Crabtree out of the picture too soon. Why's he got to be the clean potato? He's trying to bust his alibi so as to prove that Tyler could've killed her at midday, but if Crabtree was down here that morning why shouldn't he have done it himself, after he phoned the washerwoman about the laundry?"

"What would he leave her propped up on his own roof for? He's got a car, a boat. Why not take the body away and dump it somewhere?"

"Yes, and if it ever comes to light he'd be as suspect as the next bloke. But leave her sitting up on his own roof—"

"He might've thought the police'd reason like you have, that it couldn't be him to do that."

"Where's his motive for shooting her, anyhow?"

"Motive? Plenty. I'd say. Say that his wife's just going to wake up to them."

"She would worry! That foreign girl's got her hobby, but it's not him. It's business, success, hard cash." Grogan pushed back his hat and wiped his forehead. The air was clammy. It was getting hot out here.

"Tyler and the girl and his wife," he said, putting on his hat again. "Now he had the gun, the opportunity, and the motive. His wife's drinking herself to death fast, but not fast enough for him if he wants this pretty little kid that's running round after him with her tongue hanging out."

"And the sweater?" Manning said again.

And Grogan repeated: "The sweater, eh?" He spoke absently. He had walked a few paces and was peering over the hedge down into the tall grass and bracken on the other side.

After a minute he pushed his way through the sparsely growing lucerne.

About ten feet away a tree had been sawn down and was lying. Not a very big tree, but with a bushy top that must have cast a wide shade. A young gun, with a slender trunk and a smooth, dappled skin.

He stooped and ran his hand over the stump, fingered the sawdust lying round it. "Barbara Smith's been as good as her word. Must've done it last night."

Manning had followed him through and was standing at the other end of the tree. "Maybe," he said, "but she never sawed down this one."

Grogan looked at him sharply. "What's that?"

"Because it never kept out any early morning sunshine. That's what she was kicking about, wasn't it? The first two hours. That's what your notes said. This tree's too far south. That big pine over there's the one."

Grogan stepped back through the hedge and mentally elevated the tree. He was thoughtful, looking up into the blue that was growing paler as the sun grew higher. "I believe you're right, Les," he said slowly.

"I know I'm right. If you're standing every morning cursing a neighbor's tree you don't cut down the wrong one, do you?"

"All right, what's your idea?"

"Well, my idea is that it's more likely Mrs. Crabtree did it herself."

"Her? What for?"

"Haven't you noticed how that woman pushes her opinions? Everybody's got to believe what she says. She tells us that Smith girl's unbalanced, so she makes up her mind to prove it to us. You mark my words if she doesn't come yawning to us to-day about her property being destroyed."

"If she'd go that far—"

Grogan said, and left his sentence unfinished.

Manning took him up. "But I don't reckon you'll be able to find she was here the day the girl was shot."

There was a step on the path, and down between the vegetable beds came Diana, full of cares, full of hurry, her checked cotton skirt fluttering as she walked.

"Good morning, Miss Henderson," Grogan greeted her cheerfully. "You'll wonder what we want to be spying about here for. Pinching the fruit, treading on the plants with our big policemen's boots!" He laughed good-humoredly.

An accompanying half smile came and went on Diana's face. "Oh, I hadn't thought—I mean, I just came out to cut the lettuces for lunch." She stepped past him towards the lettuce bed.

"Matter of fact," he said, "I was wondering if by any chance there could've been any spray on those vegetables."

She turned. "Vegetables? What vegetables?" she breathed.

"Some of those sprays they sell can be quite poisonous, you know, and that spinach you took down to Mrs. Tyler—"

"Oh, that!" she said. "Oh no, oh no! That was all too—too silly for anyone to take any notice of. I was there when she said it. She was laughing."

"I see. Just a little bit of

spite on Mrs. Crabtree's part last night, you think?"

"Yes—At least, I suppose so." Her eyes clouded.

"You don't mind . . . I'm running frightfully late this morning. There's such a lot to do, keeping a guest-house. Even for only a few people."

She plopped down, her tail skirt billowing round her.

Grogan stepped up beside her. "Allow me." He laid the knife from her and passed one foot carefully between the rows. "Now how many? Ten say which. This, eh?"

The milky sap from the stalks had the smell of opium as he laid the lettuces in her basket.

"Thank you. Thanks very much." She held out her right hand for the knife. A worried little hand, though still at most childishly naive, very quick finger-tips, vegetable stains on the forefinger.

Grogan looked down at the hand held out to him.

She followed his glance, had drew back her hand, colored quickly.

What the inspector had been looking at was a blister—broken, red—in the middle of the narrow palm.

A few minutes later Grogan was leaning on the soft drink counter at Reeves' fruit shop, the little shop that was squeezed in between the butcher's and the garage in the group out on the Highway.

Mrs. Reeves was a cautious young woman and hadn't been able to add anything to what she and her husband had said earlier.

She looked anxiously past the inspector out the doorway on to the glare of the dusty pavement. She hadn't been able to sleep for nights, she said, thinking about the tragedy. So close at hand. Why, it could happen to yourself!

"My word, I hope you got the one that did it," she said.

"I'm sorry my hubby and I can't remember anything more about the chappie we saw her with."

Grogan said: "I always think that when you're trying to remember something you don't want to try too hard. Like they say, to see a thing well don't look plumb into the middle of it, but a bit of one side. Ever heard that?"

"No, I can't say I have."

"I ask you to try and tell me something more about the feller. Well, now, don't talk too much about him. Set! Think about walking down the road there, you and Mr. Reeves going for a blow before turning in. Then you come to her house and the two of 'em are at the gate. Think of the moonlight, the gate, the bit of fence that runs round the road there."

Mrs. Reeves looked back at him. "I see . . . yes."

"Mind, I asked your husband all this. But I always say women notice more than men. They got better memories. Some people say they got better brains. But it's mostly women themselves that say that!" He laughed and leant a little further over the counter.

Dark and glossy, the inspector blocked out the doorway for Mrs. Reeves. Her big eyes, fringed with straight lashes like a camel's, looked inwards at his bidding.

"Any little detail float up?" he probed.

Slowly, she patted the glass of straws, pushed it into the middle of the counter, slowly shook her head.

"No, it was just an ordinary night," she murmured. "There wasn't much breeze—a bit though there's always a bit down there . . . and the smell of the sea, and the wallflowers in her garden. That while cat of hers was sitting on the gate post. There was the click of the gate as they went in . . . They weren't talk-

"I didn't hear anything else. Except the surf, of course. If I'd only known! They passed them quite close. But they had their backs to me and there wasn't any light, really."

"Just enough to see her white-striped jumper, and, and that she was tall and dark?"

"That's right, that's all. I'm not sorry I can't think of anything."

Grogan straightened up. "OK, Mrs. Reeves. Give me a ring if anything fresh should strike you."

"Believe me, I will!"

He got back into the car and sat thoughtfully for a minute. Look around a house, not plumb into the middle of it. H'm. . . That was odd.

"Down to the Tyers' house, Jack," he told the driver.

He could hardly call it a garden, he thought, as the gate clicked shut behind him, the way it had that night behind her—and someone else. No one had put a spade or a rake on this place for a considerable time. Such plants as there were were too neglected to bloom; scrubby clumps of asparagus and various and dusty geraniums. No annuals. No wallflowers.

He let himself into the cottage and went through to the dead woman's bedroom. Her dressing-table, Paeon cream, lipstick, box of powder, mace—she smelt them all. Very little scent in any of them, none, he'd lay a stake of odds, at ten feet. He opened the bottle of perfume, an expensive French one, and sniffed at it. You could smell this all right! A hint of sandalwood. Very tricky! But if Mrs. Reeves could mistake it for wallflower she could have mistaken a head-dwarf with a bang on his back for a tall man on Monday night.

He sniffed again at the subtle sweetness. A man's sense of smell, he mused—how it could lead him up the garden path! An ordinary-looking girl and some of this high-priced stuff! Some girls go about in old cotton frocks and slacks, but they'd have a bottle of expensive scent even if—

Shocks!

He stroled through to the dining-room and looked out the window on to the desolate scene, the bird's perch, with the silver bird sitting humped up on it.

A devoted lover of the parrot tribe, a breeder of lovebirds, the inspector wasn't seeing Jokers at that moment. He was thinking, dark—tall—other every slacks—

Well, it was an idea.

He drove back to Seaview.

The trickle of teacups took him round to the side verandah. There, on a basket table, morning-tea was laid. Only three were drinking it. Barbara and Diana and Ian. The Petersons and Arthur Finch were on the beach.

As Grogan came up to the group he was holding an unlighted cigarette between his fingers. He stopped in front of Barbara. "Could you oblige me with a light, Miss Smith?"

I seem to have finished my last match."

Barbara pulled her lighter out of her slacks pocket and flicked on the flame.

She says she could hold it up to him. Grogan stooped—stooped lower than he needed to—his head within a foot of hers. The cigarette tip glowed, but before the smell of smoke floated up to his nose another scent came to him. The scent of wallflowers. It didn't come from Barbara, though, but from Ian Singleton's usually dark hair brushed with brilliantine.

Grogan walked to the verandah rail and turned and leant against it. In the pause that followed there was a certain

heaviness, as though they knew the inspector wasn't there to get a light for his cigarette.

"Then Ian swallowed down his tea and got up, murmuring something about letters to write before lunch."

"Just a minute, Mr. Singleton. About Monday night again."

"Yes?" Ian halted.

"From further information received," Grogan went on, "it now appears that you were the man that accompanied Mrs. Tyler into her house that night."

It takes more than a psychologist, more than a policeman to be able to say with certainty whether a start, a flush, a stiffening of the muscles are due to guilt or outraged innocence. Half-turned to go, one hand outstretched to pull the door wider, Ian stood motionless, speechless.

"Are you prepared to admit this?" Grogan asked.

But before he could admit or deny, or move a step from the spot where he stood rooted, Diana had sprung to her feet. Her sudden movement set the tea-table rocking.

"Yes, it was he," she cried.

"I knew it," Barbara couldn't keep the triumph out of her tone. She got up, too. "I told you so yesterday and you wouldn't believe me."

"I didn't need any telling, thank you," Diana flashed at her. "I didn't need anyone to tell me where he was or who he was with on Monday evening. He was with me."

"You?"

"It was I who was seen going into Thea's with him. It wasn't Thea at all! Diana's breathless tone seemed to spill the words out. "He and I had been out for a walk together," she hurried on, "and—"

"Out for a walk on Monday evening?" Barbara's dark brows were sceptical.

"Yes. Don't you remember, you went to the pictures with Mrs. Peterson that night?"

"But he was up in town. He'd telephoned to say he wouldn't be in for dinner, wouldn't be back till late."

"Exactly. But he came in just after you left. We went for a walk along the beach, and coming back we thought we'd look in on Thea. We knocked at her door but she didn't answer, so we thought she'd gone to bed, and came home again."

Barbara laughed. "Diana! What a feeble attempt!"

"It's true, isn't it, Ian?"

"Yes . . . yes, it's true," Ian seemed to be able to move again, to speak. He walked back to the table, took up a cigarette and lighted it.

Grogan said: "This is a very funny story of yours, Miss Henderson. This woman he was with, she's been identified as Mrs. Tyler."

"No . . . oh, no." The wide blue eyes flickered at him distractedly. "She hasn't been identified at all. The jumper has been identified. Ask those people—those Reeves—they ask them if they saw her face. No! No, they didn't!"

"No, and they didn't see yours, either," Barbara scoffed. "How are you going to prove this fantastic story? You can say it, of course, but who's going to believe it?"

"You are, Barbara. Because you know what a fuss there would've been if I'd told you she'd given me a jumper. You know what happened when she gave me that white bag. I felt I'd committed a sort of crime. You hated Thea, you hated us to be friends." Diana's face was flushed, the tears weren't far away.

"It was just one day when I was there, she was looking for something and she threw this jumper over to me and said, 'This'd suit you, it doesn't me; take it. I wore it on Monday night while you were out.'"

"And why did you burn it?"

Grogan asked as her trembling voice faded out.

"Because I knew you were looking for it. Katrine Bassett, mentioned it, and I wanted to forget the wretched thing and everything to do with it. I should have taken it to you, of course, but I didn't want to happen just what has happened, Barbara finding out."

Was that really why she hadn't told Grogan thought. Or was the whole story a lot of baloney to try and clear this bloke?

For the last few minutes, out of the corner of his eye, the inspector had been catching sight of a blue-and-red overalled figure appearing and disappearing round the corner of the house. There was a scarlet hibiscus bush there, and every now and then Mrs. Keith's head would emerge from behind it.

Sentinel-like, she walked to and fro between the front verandah's shade and the corner. Her right hand, never completely empty of cloth or broom or bag, was closed tightly on something else to-day, the sacking bag was slung over her left shoulder.

GRADUALLY Grogan's mind shifted from the group on the verandah to the waiting figure behind the bush, and when at last he walked down the side she stepped out to meet him.

"I got something for you," she announced. "Curly found it."

"Did he now? What'd that be?"

"I reckon it's what you was lookin' for. He found it goin' to the Crabtree's for the scraps for his fowls. He happened to walk round that way, on the beach, and it was lyin' there just where you said it must've fell." She held it out.

"The bullet, eh?" Grogan took it. He looked at Mrs. Keith hard. "Why didn't he come to light with this before?"

"Look, he never ever knew you was lookin' for it. I asked him last night and he said, yes, he'd found a bullet. He finds all sorts of bits of junk to hammer out or melt down for his bomb shelter. It'd dropped through the linen of his pocket. That's why he never gave it another thought till I asked him."

She transferred the sacking bag to her right hand and pulled her shapeless hat further down over her eyes. "And that's why your men didn't find it last evenin', the fellers you left to search through his stuff."

By two o'clock that afternoon Katrine felt that an endless span of time had passed since her wild drive up the track last night.

At meals she made an effort to chatter naturally so as to hide from her mother's watchful eye the fact that she had no appetite for roast beef and apple pie; that only one subject could interest her now; what was happening in the police world of murder, what was happening to Russell Tyler.

Once or twice during the morning the temptation to telephone him had been almost too strong for her, but the memory of his curt command to keep out of it—"Please keep out of it, Katrine"—had rung in her ears.

So when at about two o'clock, from the balcony, she saw Detective-Inspector Grogan coming up the path, she felt a sort of relief. At last! At last, what? She ran down the stairs to meet him.

Anything was better than suspense, she had thought. That was because she hadn't known how bad that anything could be; hadn't been able to foresee the dizzy sickness that would overtake her when he told her; how the room would be blotted out in a kind of blackness at the shock, the pure shock of it.

The sound of her own voice seemed to come from a long way off. "But it isn't possible. I'm quite sure you can't be right."

"You can be quite sure we can't be wrong, Miss Bassett," he said with terrible cheerfulness. "Ballistics is an exact science, you might say, and the bullet that shot her came from the gun you gave Tyler. So before proceeding further I want to know just where that revolver was during the hours it was in your possession."

"You mean after I took it away from her house?"

"That's right. You say you left there at eight o'clock on the Monday evening. That you brought it home with you and that at about ten the next morning Miss Smith called for you and the both of you drove to Tyler's office, where you handed him over the weapon. That right?"

"Yes."

"Now during those ten hours, could anyone else have got hold of it?"

An instant's fearful temptation seized her. Yes. No. Yes. Would she dare to? If she said, "Yes, anyone could have taken it. I just threw it down on that bookcase over there—in the drawer in the hall. And the doors and windows of this house are always open." Suppose she were to say all that, how weakened, how wonderfully weakened, their case against Russell would be!

Only—no, no, turn back. The inspector was watching her, he must see what she was thinking. The lie she had told in the first place about throwing the revolver into the sea had made things so much worse, seeming to link her and Russell in a guilty intrigue. She said in a sudden voice: "No, no one could have taken it."

The faint flicker on the inspector's face was like a flag of victory. "No, I see. I thought so. You wouldn't be likely to be careless with a thing like that. You locked it up, eh?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In my bedroom, in the top drawer of the chest."

"And the key? Where'd you put that?"

"I took it out and tied it up in the corner of a handkerchief and carried it about with me."

"Real careful, naturally. You can't be too careful with firearms. And at night?"

"I put it under my pillow."

The words came slowly dragged out of her.

"So you'd be prepared to swear that no one else could've got hold of this gun?"

A nod was all she could manage to this.

It was all Grogan needed. He picked up his hat and turned to the door.

She took a step towards him. No, he mustn't go, not yet. There were things to be said and she must say them. Even though he saw her desperation on Russell's behalf. He'd seen it, anyhow. She'd hidden nothing.

"But, Inspector—Henry

Crabtree—does this mean that he now says he was down here in the early part of Monday, and it was he who was seen sitting on the roof?"

"Well no, he hasn't admitted it yet." With easy confidence Grogan twirled his hat on one finger.

"Then how can you bring any case against Russell Tyler if Mr. Crabtree was up in town with this girl when the figure was first seen on the roof, and Russell didn't even get the revolver till half-past eleven? Mr. Crabtree says it, he keeps on saying it, you can't possibly disprove it."

Grogan gave a half smile. "That remains to be seen. At the moment he can't possibly prove it. Can't bring any corroborative evidence except this young lady that he says he stopped with."

"Well, if he says it and she says it—"

He smiled broadly this time. "And what would a jury be likely to say to it, I wonder!"

Katrine watched him go down the drive, watched him out of sight.

What am I going to do? she was crying inside herself. A near-panic seized her. "This young lady he says he stopped with."

Suddenly she ran out to the garage and searched in the door pocket of the car. The bit of paper she'd scribbled the address on last night—here it was. "Greystones, Capri Road."

She ran back to the house, made a hurried excuse to her mother, ran back to the car and set out for town.

Katrine's fears calmed a little when after the swift thirty-mile drive to town she got out of the lift and went along to the office of Tyler, Truscott, and Tyler. The dark solid office furniture, the thick carpets and insulated quiet, all told of an edifice not to be toppled over by the brief circumstance of one not very considerable woman's death.

Russell got up and gave her a quick glance of inquiry when she was shown into his room. As the clerk left he said: "Well, what have you brought me this time? Not another gun?"

"No, Russell, not a gun today." She was nettled by his slightly playful tone. "You haven't heard from the police yet?"

"No."

"I have. And I've got some very bad news. They came to ask me—"

The buzz of the telephone cut short her words.

He sat down again and lifted the receiver. Followed five minutes' business talk, while Katrine walked to the window, waited, looked out over the roofs that shimmered in the sun. When he put down the receiver, she walked back to the desk.

"Russell, will you come out with me somewhere? To that tea place along there, where we can talk for ten minutes undisturbed."

"All right. We'll go and have a cup of tea at the Red Parrot." Still his voice held this tone of humoring her.

She thought grimly, I'll wake you up, my man, in one minute!

Their steps rang on the flagged corridor—his measured tread, her clicking heels—as they went along to the tea-room.

He ordered tea.

Holding his glance intently, Katrine told him about Grogan's visit, about the questions he'd asked her, and the bullet, and the gun.

Not a shade of expression passed over his face as he listened, watching her . . .

As she finished, the girl came along with the tray. Again they had to wait while she laid out the cups and plate of biscuits.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Katrine burst out when she had gone. "What are you going to do? What are you thinking? What do you make of all this?"

"Do?" he said. "What do you expect me to do?"

"Something; Anything! Not just sit about telephoning about conferences and drinking tea."

"Keep cool. You suggested tea."

"Do you realise that before the day's out they may be going to charge you with murdering Thea?"

His expression did alter then. "I must say I find it hard to."

"Well, you'd better wake up and realise that it can happen."

"Yes . . . well . . . H'm. First and foremost—I suppose I should have done it before—I must get hold of a lawyer."

"Of course you must. Do you mean to say you haven't already?"

"No."

"Well . . . What about those people you spent Monday night with at Bowral. He's a lawyer, isn't he?"

"Yes. I'll give him a ring."

"But, first, what you've got to do is to go and see this girl of Henry Crabtree's."

"See who? What?"

"This girl that he spent Monday night with. Find out if there's no one—no one—she can think of to prove he was there. The police say there isn't, but you can imagine just how hard they tried! Her tone was bitter. "You've got to make her realise how fatal it can be for you unless she can produce another witness. Make her think and think."

"You're right. I'll go, he said meekly. "I'll take Coombes with me."

"Who's Coombes?"

"This lawyer bloke."

"Oh, yes . . . I see . . . but no, you mustn't take him."

"Why not?"

"It'd be better to see her alone, get friendly with her. It's not as though you're asking her to say something that isn't true. She says it, and Henry says it. If you take a lawyer she might get flurried and not be able to think. We don't know what sort of a girl she is."

He drummed on the table, picked up a biscuit, bit it, put it down. "But where is she? Who is she? I don't even know her name."

"I don't, either, but I know her address. I scribbled it down last night when the inspector mentioned it."

He stared at her. "Katrine! . . . you surprise me."

"That's good. I hate being taken for granted." She snatched up her bag and searched it. "Here it is," and put the slip of paper down in front of him. "She lives alone on the ground floor; there are only four flats. You'll find her."

He took the paper, folded it slowly and put it in his pocket. "Thanks, Katrine. I'll go right away. Lucky you're here to look after me! I seem to be making a pretty fair mess of my defence. Almost as bad a mess as I made of my marriage."

In proportion as he began to get troubled her spirits rose. She said, "Here, drink some tea."

"Mess and muddle and bursting apart after a few months. And when I think of how I pursued poor Thea six or seven years ago!"

Treading delicately—what! dangerous ground it was!—she said: "Yes, it's funny, you didn't see that marriage wouldn't be any use to Thea. She didn't want a home and—to look after someone,

and children, and all the things that other girls want." "Very true. It didn't take me long to see it. Wise after the event. I'm a bad picker."

The room seemed to have grown suddenly still. Her eyes were on him, a melting blue beam, and for a long moment he answered their glance.

Then she said, with an attempt at a flippant little laugh: "Yes. . . . The next time you'd better let the girl do the picking."

"I mightn't get many offers after twenty years' hard."

She didn't answer this, so as not to spoil the new atmosphere between them that couldn't be improved on—yet. She picked up her bag and got up. "You'd better go right now and see this girl. And then perhaps you could go along and see your friend Coombes."

"I will; I'll see him to-day."

Back in his office, where he went to leave a message with his clerk, his telephone was ringing. She said anxiously: "Now for goodness' sake don't answer it. I'll only delay you."

But almost automatically his hand went out and lifted the receiver.

She watched his face as the voice came crackling over the wire. Everything told her that this wasn't just another conference.

He nodded, grunted. "All right, I'll be there. . . . Yes, right away." He put down the receiver. The conference this time to which he was summoned was for questioning at C.I.B. Headquarters.

When Katrina had watched Russell get into his car and leave for Bathurst Street she went round the corner to where she had parked her own car, got in, and drove to Capri Road.

There was something disconcertingly dry about Mona Berry's personality. Katrina felt, as they faced each other in the open doorway of the flat,

"Are you Miss Mona Berry?"

"Yes."

"My name's Katrina Bassett. I've just come from Jensen's Point."

"Oh, yes?" Mona held the door wider. "I'm getting a lot of visitors from Jensen's Point."

"The police, you mean?"

"Yes. A large shiny inspector this morning, and a sergeant last night." She shut the door and led the way into the studio.

Katrina couldn't have told what kind of girl she had expected to find, what kind of a girl would be likely to love fat unromantic little Henry Crabtree. But she sensed at once that love wouldn't be a very big item with Mona.

Mona pushed a pile of Art magazines off the window seat and found a packet of cigarettes. "Sit down. Do you smoke? It's about Henry, of course, about him spending Monday night here."

"Yes. And he did, didn't he?"

"He did. How does it matter to you?"

"Well. . . . I'm rather involved in this case. I knew Thea Tyler well."

They were doing, Russell and Thea. The point is—I don't know if you realise it—but if Henry was up here with you it means that Russell couldn't have shot her any more than Henry could've."

Mona sat down beside her on the seat. "How's that now? Why couldn't he?"

Katrina told her the facts, and what the police case against Russell hinged on.

Mona listened, her eyes on Katrina's face.

"Yes. . . . I see," she said slowly when Katrina had finished. "Bad luck, but I'm afraid there wasn't anyone who knew Henry was here."

"Oh, don't say that!"

"It's not exactly the sort of fact you advertise."

"No, I know, but isn't there a chance that when he was coming in or going out?"

"Well, the people upstairs in the front flat are away at the moment, and the old girl up at the back never seems to put her nose out the door."

"What about the people behind you?"

"Mrs. Warburton, the landlady? No. A decent soul but a bit on the starchy side, so I don't flaunt my doings. Look, I'm terribly sorry, but I don't seem able to help you." She threw her cigarette out the window, got up and took another.

"But listen! Katrina got up, too, and stood near her at the table. "Where was Henry's car all night?"

"No luck there, I'm afraid. It was in the side street here. No one would've noticed it. Crowds of cars park along there."

"Did he bring you anything? I mean for dinner? . . . or sweets or anything?"

Mona turned and looked at her. "Oh, yes. . . . He brought quite a lot of things. He always turns up like Father Christmas. What did he bring now? A chicken and some ham, some roses, a box of chocolates, a pineapple. And a bottle of sherry, but that would've been from his cellar at Jensen's Point."

"Where did he buy them? What shops did he go to?"

Mona gave a faint smile. "Well, really! If I could tell you that—there must be dozens of delicatessen shops alone. We're the delicatessen classes round here."

"Ask him, ring Henry and ask him where he bought everything. Somebody might remember him. What time was it he got here?"

"A bit before six." Mona went to the telephone and dialled Henry's office. "Is that you, Henry? Mona here. Listen, where did you buy those things you brought here for dinner on Monday night?"

"Well now, listen—" Followed the explanation of why she wanted to know. When they had finished speaking she put down the receiver and looked up at Katrina. "Well, apparently he got the chicken at that big place, Bauer's."

"A big place?"

"Yes, and frightfully busy between five-thirty and six."

"Never mind, I'll try. And the other things?"

in Mona's voice. "I will; I'll go on thinking but I'm not hopeful."

Bauer's was busy not only between five-thirty and six. Katrina knew the moment she went in that she was on a wild goose chase. Henry Crabtree, fair, fat, fortyish, a prosperous little business man buying a nice little dinner to take to a girl's flat. Henry, anonymous, entirely unremarkable. Not one of the busy people behind the counter at Bauer's could give such a query serious consideration.

Sorry. Couldn't possibly say, couldn't possibly remember him. At that hour especially.

Defeated, she left the shop. Oh, madness! Who would remember Henry? On the pavement in the crowded street a dozen Henrys bustled past her.

By the end of half an hour she seemed to herself to have been walking in and out of shops endlessly, hearing her own voice like a gramophone record. "Do you know Mr. Crabtree? I think he came in here late on Monday afternoon for—flowers—for sweets—for fruit."

Amused, suspicious, bored people eying her over counters. "What's that? Eh? No, I don't. Did you want something?"

"I only wanted to know if you remembered a small, fair man . . . on Monday afternoon."

ONE or two faces at the end of Katrina's quest looked quite concerned for her. "Are you sure he came in here? Can't remember at all. Is it important? Would you like a glass of water?"

Yes, it was important. She went out into the street, got into the car and sat for a moment looking down the hill where cars came racing up, homewards to the eastern suburbs. A river of cars, a river of moving people.

Had Henry really been at Mona's that night?

At about six-thirty that evening Grogan was in his office at Headquarters, alone now, hunched over his desk, his notes on the blotter in front of him. He didn't look inspired by the moment, as one hand automatically turned the pages.

All at once something seemed to catch his eye. He sat down and stared at the open page.

"Fowl feed!" he said aloud; and after another long pause, another long stare at the page: "Fowl feed . . ."

To say that solving a crime was like fitting together a jigsaw puzzle, he mused, was saying what had been said too often, but how like it was! You found an ordinary looking bit in your hand, of no particular shape or color, but when you took another good look at it and got the right place for it, the corner of the house began to emerge. And after that, maybe it became quite easy to construct the rest.

Sergeant Manning appeared in the doorway. "Busy?" he asked with heavy irony.

"Up to me eyes. What is it?"

Manning came over to the desk and put a paper down in front of him. "The elevation of that tree."

Grogan looked at it for a while, then up at Manning. "That's funny," he said.

"Just as I said. Vegetables nothing!" He added, "We ran that soldier to earth that sold her the gun in the pub. It was on the Monday morning."

"Then she'd only had it a few hours when the Bassett girl took it away from her?"

"Yeah. This bloke said he walked back to her house with her along the beach. He said there didn't seem to be anything on her mind then."

"And about the seagull?"

Grogan asked.

"No, not that. They asked me that. That's why I wanted to speak to you. Erna'll be out any minute and I can't talk about it before her, but I've been with Mona Berry this afternoon."

"I know, I know." He gave a nervous little laugh. "My affairs are certainly getting out into the limelight!"

"I'm sorry, Henry. I couldn't help it."

"It's all right, don't apologise."

"I had to go and see her."

"Of course you had. She's a nice girl, Mona, isn't she? Practical, sensible, a real good sort."

The airy tone seemed to filter off from his affair with Mona all but the pure friendship.

"She is, she's awfully nice."

Katrina agreed warmly, with another guilty glance in Erna's direction. "After she rang you I did a round of those shops you bought the things at."

"Any luck?"

"No, none."

"No, I'm not surprised. I never thought I was the type to linger in the memory."

"So I had to leave it, but when I saw you just now I wondered if it wasn't possible that you might have seen someone—even to nod to—on the way up? Anything at all to prove that you were away from Jensen's Point on Monday night?"

"No," said Henry.

Why must he and Mona both say no, immediately, without seeming to consider? "Are you quite sure?" she begged.

"My dear child, what do you think my aim was? To avoid being seen, of course. If I'd run into my own mother I'd have dodged behind a lamp-post. And if it weren't for the circumstance I'd say how heartening it is to be able to sort of fade out on a little trip like that!"

"Mona said she'd give me a ring if—" Katrina broke off. Erna had come out of the shop and was putting parcels into the car. Could she have heard her discussing Henry's girl with him? Uncomfortable.

But Erna was crisp as usual. "Hello, Katrina. Are you hiking? Can we give you a lift home?"

And so on and so forth: No, thank you, my car's here—and we may see you later—and—etc.

Katrina drove home, ran upstairs, had a shower and dressed automatically. She stood in front of the wardrobe, looking in at the row of dresses, took one down and put it on. A hardly knowing what she had chosen.

Brushing her hair at the glass, her eyes staring back at her had a feverish gleam. I must see him, she thought. I must know what's happening to him. I must be able to say, "It'll be all right, don't worry. I'll help you. I love you."

She went down to dinner. They were already seated, her mother carving a fowl; Patricia and Linda; Hugh and some friend of his, a long, talkative youth—all rosy and sun-tanned, with enormous appetites. The talk was noisy and light-hearted, a powerful amount of laughter over nothing at all—Pat's slide down the cliff. Mrs. Somebody's playuit—cascades of giggles.

Katrina, trying to join in, wondered if she had ever been as young as this. Last week, perhaps.

Family poker followed dinner, and half an hour of that seemed like a century.

At the end of it, mercifully rid of all her chips, she got up. "Two shillings down!" she said. "Count me out for a few hands. This is running and slipped out of the room."

In the dining-room opposite Mrs. Bassett was sitting in an armchair by the window, reading evening paper a screen between her and her daughter. From the kitchen came a trickle of sound from Mona's radio.

Everything seemed as should be for everyone to Katrina. To stay here longer was impossible now, know what had happened. Russell a torment, nor if it had been any further developments at Seaview. She opened the wire door and stepped out on to the veranda.

Standing there, with light streaming out from sitting-room windows, she paused and glanced at her watch, the glittering diamond circled face and diamond-studded wristband, her one valuable piece of jewelry, legacy from an aunt.

She wouldn't be away long. They would hardly have time to miss her, wouldn't they? She had gone if she didn't get out the car. Then comes nagged at her. They miss her, go looking for her.

She went back and peered head in the dining-room. "I'm just running down to Seaview, Mum, won't be long," she said, and hurried out and down the drive and on to the road.

What a relief it was to be flying along the road, to be one's feet keeping pace with one's scurrying thoughts! She had wanted Thea Tyler out badly enough to have them shoot her, Katrina and herself, bored, reluctant. Thea turned off the Humber into the road that led on to the Point. It was dark at night, and in here she no longer heard her footsteps on the sandy earth. Almost unconsciously she quickened her step until she reached the top of Seaview, and turned there.

The door was open and she stepped inside.

Barbara and Diana were alone in the dining-room. Whatever they had been saying stopped with the approach of a third person. They were both unnaturally still, and conflict frozen on the faces.

Pausing in the doorway, Katrina looked from one to the other, wishing she could turn and run but not able to now they had seen her.

"Come in, Katrina," Barbara's voice had a harsh note. "Lucky you came. We're forced to show a little restraint now."

"I'm quite restrained," Diana announced, "and as calm as can be."

"Yes—in retreat!"

Katrina asked: "What's earth's the matter? A casual tone trying to lower the pitch of their emotion, as came right into the matter."

"Why, where is Ian?"

"Upstairs, packing," Barbara told her. "He's leaving first thing in the morning. Only one more night and my obnoxious roof!"

Diana said the drawer had a decisive slam. She was looking at Barbara full on. "Yes, he's going, Barbara. Thanks to you—but 12 thanks to you next week, following him next week."

"So you're going to stay?"

"Quite. I'm going to stay him."

"I thought this morning I said nothing could be decided till Thea's death had been cleared up."

"It will be by next week. There was a confident little Diana's chin. "Anyhow, got nothing to do with us."

"No . . . so long as the police accept this transparent display of yours about the jumper."

"It happens to be true. I wore that jumper. I had it set alright to it. I heard coming and didn't want."

to see a fire under the copper
and investigate. I tried to put
it out and burnt my hand.
Look, there's the blister."
Their bitter words flew
the arrows, back and forth.
At last, flushed but almost
calm, Diana went back to the
kitchen.
Katrine went into the draw-
ing-room. Its atmosphere
seemed much the same as that
of any other evening at Sea-
view: coffee and desultory
chat until guests settled down
to their evening's occupation.
Erna had already gone home.
Small-talk wasn't much in her
the guest-house coffee even
yet.
Erna was telling back to a
chair, still apoplectic. Arthur and
Dora were finishing a game of
bridge at the green-
baize-covered table drawn un-
der the light.
Arthur looked up at Katrine,
his expression brightening.
"What brings you over to
our humble haath-house to-
night?" he asked, "Looking all
glamorous and glittery!"
"Oh," Erna said, putting
down his cup and patting his
cheeks for cigarettes. "She
came to see me, of course. We
can't keep apart, can we,
sweetheart?"
"We simply can't..." She
laughed, but her lifted brows
betrayed him.
He pulled down the corners
of his mouth and faintly
shook his head. Nothing.
"You gave her a quick up
and down glance. Good even-
ing, Katrine. I didn't hear
your car."
Katrine went over and sat
on the arm of the sofa. "No,
I walked."
"Did you! I wouldn't care to
go walking about here alone
after dark, now."
"I don't feel that a bit. I
suppose I know it all so well."
She picked up the ball of wool
from Lucy's lap. "What a
lovely color! Is it for you?"
"No, for Sprig, a pullover."
Lucy touched the length of
the blue knitting across her
own shoulders fondly.
Just because it's for Sprig,
Katrine thought. To-night she
felt like some kind of instru-
ment, vibrating to every shade
of feeling, every breath, the
tuck of an eyebrow. Her spirits
had sunk ridiculously at
Henry's faint negative... She
got up suddenly.
"Actually," she said, "I sud-
denly remembered that those
miserable animals of Thea's
haven't been fed all day. At
least, I haven't done it."
"Do you have to do it?"
Lucy asked.
"No, I don't suppose so...
but I did say something about
keeping an eye on them."
Cruel words, disgusting her
impulse to be gone again.
To be hurrying down the road
to see if Russell had come
back. To ask Diana if she's
got any meat and take it down
and cook it up for
them.
Henry said: "What do you
want to cook it for? Dogs are
much better on raw meat."
"The always has his cooked."
"Blessed! Stew all the good
meat of it. I always used to
give my cooker a hunk of raw
meat. Best thing in the world."
"Try and get liver to-day!"
Lucy said superiorly.
"More likely we'll be eating
the noble ourselves," Arthur
murmured.
Sprig pounced on a card.
"No, no. You missed that."
"That it?" Arthur got up.
"The much concentration in
this game. I think I'll go up-
stairs and finish my book."
Henry gathered up the cards.
"I must go along and see that
the Majestic."
Katrine went down to the
kitchen. Diana was doing odd
jobs there. She found a plate
of soup bones and rolled them
over to Katrine.
"Cook them here if you like,"
she said.
"Thanks. Oh, I'll do it there.
I know where the key is."

Diana gave her a quick
glance. Katrine wondered if
everyone saw through her. She
went out the back door, round
under the wistaria and on to
the road again.
Erna had brought from the
office a portfolio of papers and
was sitting at her desk at work
on them when Henry got in.
She didn't look up as he en-
tered. Since the finding of
Thea's body on their roof the
Crabtree's had spoken very
little to each other. To-night
they hadn't said a dozen words
as they'd walked down to Sea-
view and sat at dinner to-
gether.
From the other end of the
room Henry's glance at Erna
was curiously aside as he
opened the onyx box and filled
his cigarette-case from it. Still
without speaking, he went
over and slid aside the panel
in front of the drinks, took
down a bottle, and eased the
cork out delicately.
With bottle and glass poised
he glanced again at his wife.
"Cognac, Erna?"
Her pen ran down a column
before she answered, without
looking up. "No, thank you."
He poured his drink, drank
it standing, and put down the
glass. "Well... I think I'll
take a turn on the cliff."
"Do. If you feel restless."
"Will you be working late?"
"No; I am nearly finished,
and then I am going to bed."
"All right. Leave the front
door open for me, will you?"
She turned, her round, white
face over her shoulder. "No,
I am sorry. I won't do that.
I am not so fond of going to
bed and leaving doors open
now. Not since Tuesday."
A stiffness fell on the room.
All at once the sea could be
heard, as though its breakers
had flung their spray nearer.
Henry said, moving to the
door: "All right... But hon-
estly, old girl, I don't think
you need worry."
"Perhaps not. But, all the
same, take your latchkey."
She turned back to the desk.
Henry went down the stairs
and across the hall to the front
door. But he didn't go out.
Instead, he took hold of the
door and shut it with a slight
alarm. Then, very quietly, he
slid his way to the kitchen,
let himself out the back door,
locked it behind him and put
the key in his pocket.
At about the same time Mrs.
Keith, in her kitchen, switched
off the iron and packed the
freshly laundered clothes into
a dress-box. She rolled up the
ironing-sheet and stuffed it
into the cupboard and threw a
brief look round before reach-
ing for a cardigan that hung
behind the door. Her glance
said, "That's all for now." One
more day gone, safely past.
The partridge was soaking on
the stove, the cups set out on
the bench for breakfast, the
last plate washed and put
away. She tucked the box
under her arm and went out
into the yard.
As she reached the shed the
large, bony figure of her son
came to the door of it. "Where
you goin'?"
"Just runnin' up to Fosters'
with the washin'. I won't be
more'n a few minutes." She
searched his face, but the light
in the shed was behind him
and there were only the jut-
ting cheekbones and the fol-
lows of the eyes, telling her
nothing.
"You get along to bed," she
said, "and I'll make you a cup
o' tea when I get back." She
put her hand in past him and
switched off the light — a
complicated tangle of cords
over the bench — and pulled
the door shut behind him. "Go on,
it's gettin' late, you don't want

to go roamin' about any-
where."
"O.K." He took a few steps
towards the kitchen.
She hitched the box higher
under her arm and trudged off
round the house.
When she had gone, he went
on standing where she left
him until two—three—four—
minutes had ebbed away, then
he crossed the yard, too,
skirted the house, and went
down the track, a quiet, loping
figure in the darkness, down
towards the dune.
On leaving Seaview, Katrine
went hurrying down the road.
She passed the Crabtree's
house. The front was dark but
a light from the big room
dimly lit the deserted flat roof
on the corner where so recently
Thea had sat through a long
day of sunshine, a long night
of wheeling stars, a dawn, an-
other day, until that hour
when the indifferent bird had
settled on the chair-back to
announce her death.
Thick cloud to-night, not a
glimmer of light in the sky;
only remembered trees on the
dune leaning away prettily
from the sea winds. She
reached Thea's house, a
darker mass in the darkness.
No light in it, of course. That
had been just a crazy hope.
Why should he come down
here now?—even if he were
free to do so.
She paused at the gate, re-
luctant to go up the path and
grope under the wood-box for
the key and let herself in and
start boiling up meat in the
sordid kitchen.
As she hesitated, a
small beam of light coming
from the back somewhere
caught Katrine's eye. Could it
be Russell, after all? Why, yes,
it must be he. Perhaps he'd
come down for dinner, was
making himself coffee in the
kitchen. Perhaps, in a way, he
half expected her.
She opened the gate and
hurried down the side, words
ready for him—"Hullo, Rus-
sell; it's Katrine"—on her lips.
But the light wasn't in the
kitchen. Instead, when she
reached the corner of the
house, she could see from
across the yard a dim glow
in the shed, that ramshackle
structure that clung to the side
fence like an oyster to a rock
ledge.
Curiously drew her. Tip-
toeing over the sand, she crept
up to the wall of the shed and
peeped through a crack in the
rotten boards.
The feeble light from a
finger-sized torch glinted on
the stacks of bottles and rub-
bish and showed her, in one
corner, kneeling, his back to
her, the figure of Curly Keith.
Curly, Katrine stole away,
anxious that he shouldn't
know she had seen him. Poor
Curly, she thought, here on one
of his petty pinching raids for
some bit of junk, worthless to
anyone but him. He had prob-
ably thought that it was his
last chance to explore the
shed before it was cleared out
and the house re-let or sold.
Oddly enough, the stooping,
snooping Curly had given her
courage to go round and open
up the place and go in. When
he saw the light come on in
the kitchen, she thought he'd
creep out and make off.
Creeping, too, she went
round the front again, stepped
on to the verandah, and
turned to the wood-box that
stood under the window on the
right.
There was a movement be-
hind her, a sound, a footfall.
Before she could turn or fully
realise what was upon her, her
two wrists were caught from
the back, gripped in one strong

hand, and another hand was
pressed over her mouth.
Russell got out of his car at
the Bassetts' gate and walked
up the drive. Lights flowed
out across the lawn, and the
sound of voices. It was the
cheerful, home-like place he
had always pictured Katrine in.
He stepped on to the verandah
and rang the bell.
Mrs. Bassett came to the
door. He knew at once it was
she. He said: "My name's
Tyler. Is Katrine in?"
"No. She went out soon
after dinner." There was a
coldness in her tone.
"Oh... did she? He hadn't
expected this. The check
showed on his face. Hers
looked not unpleasant at being
able to deny him Katrine. "I
just wanted to see her for a
minute," he murmured.
"Won't you come in?"
"No, thank you. I won't
wait." But he didn't move.
Sensing her antagonism, there
was something more he felt he
had to say. "I'd like to tell
you how little I wanted
Katrine to be dragged into
this affair."
"Perhaps... Still, she is in
it, isn't she?"
"Yes, worse luck... in a
kind of way."
"Kind of way! Detectives
calling her to see her!"
"Look, Mrs. Bassett, don't be
too worried about that. They're
doing that to pretty nearly
everyone who knew my wife
and Katrine knew her very
well, was very kind to her."
"An unfortunate outcome of
kindness."
"I know, I know. I'm just
as sorry as you are." He looked
away, looked down.
She hadn't imagined him
looking like this. Resentment
against him had built up quite
a different picture. He was
still young but he showed the
signs of strain and fatigue.
The well-shaped dark head,
the firmly cut bigish mouth,
the glance that met your own
so frankly. No, it wasn't hard
to understand what Katrine
felt.
Against her will, her own
feelings softened towards him.
"Oh, well," she said, "I'm sure
it was none of your fault."
"Thanks, I hope not. Can
you tell me where Katrine
went?"
"Yes. She said she was just
running round for a little while
to her friends at Seaview."
After a few more words he
left her and went down the
drive between the borders of
sweet-smelling, late stocks
under the shade of native
cedars.
His interview at Bathurst
Street that afternoon had been
hard to put up with. He had
lied to the police. They had
let him leave at last, but the
evidence they had shot at him
about the bullet—well, he
hadn't been able to produce
one explanation worth any-
thing. Just the continued flat
denial of having killed his wife.
He'd had the opportunity—
if Crabtree was lying—he'd
had the gun that fired the
bullet, he'd had the motive,
so they'd decided. That was
what they'd kept plugging
away at.
He got back into his car,
took out a cigarette and
lighted it.
"How long have you known
her?"
"Only a few months."
"You've seen a good deal of
her in that time?"
"No, very little."
"Used she to be there when
you went to see your wife?"
"Sometimes."
"Did the deceased ever re-
proach you with being too fond
of her?"
"Never."
"Did you visit her home?"
"No."

"Where did you meet?"
"We didn't meet!"
"She comes up to town to
see you?"
"Once—twice."
"Did you take her to your
flat?"
"No."
"You live alone, don't you?"
"Yes."
"You're in love with this
girl?"
"No."
No. Quite the most delib-
erate lie he'd ever told.
He started up the car and
drove down towards Seaview.
He'd tried to stop falling in
love with Katrine so as to keep
her at a distance from all the
involvement of his marriage.
Something had told him not so
long ago that tragedy of some
kind was facing him and Thea.
Mad of him to have come
down to try and see Katrine
to-night. He should just have
telephoned her and told her
the simple facts of the interro-
gation; because when he'd said
good-bye to her this afternoon
he'd had a feeling that the
next time they met he'd find
himself telling her that he
loved her and that all his ap-
parent indifference lately had
been a sham. And what a
difficult sham to keep up! Yes,
he should have just telephoned.
But he didn't turn back. He
drove slowly down the coast
road.
Katrine. The soft gleam of
her eyes, the rumple of hair,
glistening and shot with gold,
on her broad forehead, her
movements quick and light,
the eager responsiveness of
her. What was the use of tel-
ling himself he shouldn't have
come when he knew that nothing
on earth could keep him
away to-night. Just mark up
the fact that you're being a
fool, he told himself, and let
it go at that. He pulled up
at Seaview and went in.
There wasn't a sight or
sound of anyone about. He
walked down the hall, listened
at the foot of the stairs. Every-
one was out somewhere, or in
their rooms. If Katrine had
been here she had certainly
left. Then it came to him
that she might have gone on
to the cottage, might have
thought he'd be there and gone
looking for him.
Quickening at the thought,
he hurried out to the car and
drove on.
Overwhelmed by the sud-
denness of the attack on the
dark verandah, Katrine had
one moment in which she saw
herself as another victim, an-
other Thea. Like the last con-
sciousness of the drowning
came the picture of herself
lying dead here; the hours of
darkness, the dawn breaking.
Who would find her?
Then, after that exploding
moment, there was a whisper
in her ear telling her not to
struggle, not to scream, not to
give the alarm to the police,
but to shut her mouth over
this as she had last night over
the attempt on the track, a
whisper that compelled,
threatened, and yet took the
edge off her panic fear. And
now the grip on her wrists
loosened, the hand was taken
from her mouth, the diamond
bracelet was tugged at and the
clasp gave way.
Free, she fell limply on the
dusty boards, hearing with a
rush of exquisite relief the
steps hurrying down the path,
the click of the gate.
No, she didn't want to
scream. She just wanted to
lie there, keeping utterly quiet,
hugging to herself her joy at
being safe; when only a mo-
ment ago it had seemed that
this was the last moment —
really the last.
The figure that had jumped
on to the running-board of
her car was explained now.

Somewhere during the past
week that escaped criminal
had seen her walking the road,
or driving, had seen the brace-
let and marked her down for
it. Said, it could buy his
freedom.
It had been mad, of course,
to go around on these lonely
roads wearing such a valuable
thing. Her mother had said
what a risk she was taking.
But what did it matter to have
lost her watch? It was almost
pleasure to be rid of the thing.
Nothing could spoil this ecstasy
of safety.
Slowly in the darkness she
sat up and gathered herself
together, rubbing her bruised
wrist. Then, terrifyingly near
it seemed, came the sound of
a revolver shot.
She scrambled to her feet,
snatched up the key from
under the wood-box, and,
fumbling at the lock, opened
the door and fell inside. She
put out her hand to switch on
the light but drew it back.
Safer to be in the darkness.
Wait. Wait. Whom had he
shot? Curly. He'd been the
only one near. Curly must
have crept round the side,
and, loitering a moment on the
road, been the unfortunate
witness of Loneragan's escape.
She felt her way across the
room, stumbling against chairs
and tables grown unfamiliar
to-night; through the passage,
past Thea's shut-up bedroom,
to the kitchen, a close, stuffy-
smelling box of darkness.
Surely it was safe now to
turn on the light. Or if it
wasn't she couldn't bear this
darkness any longer. She
crossed quickly to the window
to pull down the blind, but
stopped, her hand on the cord.
The pencil of light she had
seen earlier was moving at the
door of the shed. Curly came
out, switched off his torch and
clambered over the back fence,
his shoes scraping on the
boards.
Her mind took a leap. Not
Curly lying dead on the road
from that bullet—shocking as
it was, she'd been able to
accept that; but instead —
could Russell have been walk-
ing towards the cottage and
met Loneragan coming away
from it?
She ran up the hall, flung
open the door and flew away
up the path.
Beyond the gate, about fifty
feet up the road, the trees
ended in a clump of wattles
and sheaeks. Not far from
this clump of trees someone
was lying. She peered, stooped
closer.
First, she saw with a wave
of relief that it wasn't Russell.
Then she thought, shrinking
back, Henry! Henry Crabtree,
dead! She remembered how
often he strolled out at night,
down to the Point, before going
to bed.
For a moment she stood
there beside that sprawled
figure on the white sandy
roadside, then turned and
rushed on, her feet barely
touching the road as she ran.
The police car came to a
stop outside Seaview, and as
the powerful headlights cast
their bands of light down the
road, Katrine was caught in
them and sprayed with their
white glare.
She staggered forward, her
knees giving way, and caught
at the car to steady herself.
Four or five men got out of it.
Crabtree stepped forward and
took her arm. "What's up,
Miss Bassett?"
She pointed down the way
she had come. "Henry Crab-
tree," she said, her eyes fading
out, her eyes staring at
him as though he ought to get
the fatal news by just seeing
it in her face.
"Crabtree? What's wrong
with him?"
"He's dead — lying on the
road—shot."
Grogan turned back to Man-
ning and said a few words to
him. Manning and two men

got into the car again and drove on.

With a steady hand on her elbow Grogan steered Katrine into the house and into the drawing-room.

Lucy Peterson was in there. As they came in she put down the ball of wool she was winding and got up. "Katrine! My dear child, what on earth's the matter?"

Grogan said: "We haven't heard the story yet, Mrs. Peterson. Give her a breather." Katrine sat down. The familiar room made the last few minutes something not to be believed; her shaken nerves rejected them, wouldn't believe Henry dead—nice, cheerful, pleasure-loving little Henry. Covering her eyes with her hands, she tried to shut out the picture.

Diana came skimming in from the hall, her hair floating back with her hurry.

Lucy was circling round Katrine like a mother hen. "Oh dear! I warned her not to go walking about those roads alone."

"You were attacked on the road, Miss Bassett?"

Katrine lifted her face from her hands. "Not on the road. It was on the verandah of Thea's house. That man, Loneragan—"

The inspector stooped over her. "Loneragan, eh?"

"Yes; he sprang out as I was going in and caught hold of me and snatched my diamond watch." She told him about last night's attempt, too.

"Well," he said, and kept his eyes on her steadily. "Loneragan. How long after this bloke grabbed your bracelet and ran off did you hear the shot?"

"Almost at once. Henry must've seen him leave, and—I ran out and—"

"What were you doing up there to-night?"

"I went up to feed the pets." "Those pets again?" There was a sly gleam in Grogan's eye.

Lucy sat down heavily in her corner of the sofa. "Poor Mr. Crabtree! This is appalling; this is getting too terrifying."

"Who's going to tell Erna?" Barbara demanded—an echo of three days ago when she had been the announcer of Henry's death and Erna had laughed at her.

Grogan asked: "Anybody else hear this shot? Where was everybody?"

Lucy said: "I was in here, knitting. My brother went upstairs to read soon after dinner, and my son went out to the local picture place."

"Hear it? No, I didn't hear anything," Barbara said; and Diana shook her head.

"Your other boarder, Singleton, Where's he?"

"He's upstairs, packing."

"Leaving, is he?"

"To-morrow morning."

Suddenly Grogan said to Katrine: "About that seagull you saw."

She looked up, startled. The suddenness of the question jerked her back almost painfully from the present. "The seagull?" she repeated. "Sitting on the back of Thea's chair that afternoon?"

"No; I mean the one you saw dead on the beach."

"Oh, that? But—but it was just lying there on the sand, by the Point, dead."

"On the Monday evening, you said, when you left Mrs. Tyler for the last time. Sure of that?"

"Yes, I'm quite sure of that. But what on earth—"

There were steps outside and Mrs. Keith came in with a constable who had been sent down to her house when the police car passed her turn-off.

"Her son wasn't there," he told the inspector.

Mrs. Keith stood not far from the door, the thin mouth shut, a dried pillar of resistance.

"Where's your boy to-night, Mrs. Keith?" Grogan asked.

"Curly? He's gone off for a

THE SEAGULL SAID MURDER . . . By MARGOT NEVILLE

walk somewhere. Maybe prawnin'. Can't expect a young feller to be sittin' around home all evenin'."

"Course you can't. Wouldn't be natural, would it?" He didn't seem to be over-worried at the absence of Curly.

"These scraps for your fowls he gets from Crabtrees' place. Does he collect them each week?"

"Yes, he does." The lizard eyes had a wary look. "There's always plenty of stuff thrown out when they've been down for the week-end."

"What day does he go along for it?"

"On the Monday."

"Even if the Crabtrees have left?"

"That's right, why not? Why not?" she said on a rising tone.

"They trust him, they haven't got no reason to tell him to keep away. Who ever said that—"

"Keep calm. All right, I'm not accusing him. Now on the last Monday."

"Yes?" she said, ready for him.

"Did he go that day?"

"He did."

"Would you swear to that?"

"Yes, I would."

"Why? How do you place it so sure?"

"Because last Monday Mr. Crabtree himself was there; that's why. He came out when he heard Curly rattlin' the tins and gave him another loaf and the rest of the joint; said he wouldn't be there for dinner. He isn't often there of a Monday, that's how I remember it."

The last of Mrs. Keith's speech failed to hold the people in the room. Eyes had turned towards the door, looking beyond her, waiting for the one—two—three or was it three people whose footsteps had sounded on the gravel on the verandah, in the hall?

Erna was the first to appear, Russell behind her, and behind him—Henry.

At Katrine's cry of unbelief, her starting face with the color drained out of it, Henry pulled up, staring, too.

"Henry!" she cried. "I thought you were killed. I saw you—I thought I saw you—lying dead on the road! That Loneragan had shot you!"

"Me?" He backed a step. The plump face, looking healthier than usual, was also looking aggrieved. "It's a funny thing how everyone takes every dead body they see for me!"

Diana laughed on a note of hysteria.

Suddenly Lucy cried: "Sprig! Where is he? And where's my brother?"

Erna went up to her, "Mrs. Peterson, it is very sad, it is very dreadful—"

"Tell me—quickly—tell me."

"Your poor brother. It was he Katrine saw, it is he who was killed."

Lucy gave a cry and looked round wildly. She hurried out of the room, through the half-open folding doors into the dining-room. Erna followed her.

Manning came in from the hall. He held up something in his hand—a small, glittering band that gave off rosy fire. His face was sour. A rich girl's useless bauble to tempt the under-privileged to envy and crime!

"Your bracelet," he said. "It was in his hand."

"In his hand?" Katrine gasped. "In Arthur Finch's hand?"

"Well, that's what he called himself. He was Frederick Loneragan by rights."

Grogan had stepped into the dining-room, too. Russell shut the door of it quickly.

Barbara said: "And Lucy Peterson! . . . his sister!"

"His wife," Manning answered. "Mrs. Loneragan. It

was her shot the two of 'em."

Henry was looking big-eyed. "And to-night," he said, "the corpse was meant to be me! And it nearly was."

A little later, out on the road—a knot of cars, a knot of men—Kraton was standing with Russell and Henry.

"Self-wounding," he was saying, "isn't so very uncommon. Many a soldier has blown a couple of fingers off to get himself out of it, and criminals have done worse than that to themselves to change their appearance. Loneragan, now. He never let us get one good look at him till his face was pouring with blood, and then, when we got back from searching the place for his so-called attacker, there he was plastered up like an Egyptian mummy. When we were first questioning everyone up in the big room he sat with his head in his hands and then he went to the window and stood there with his back turned."

Henry said: "I'll bet he was thinking hard! Screwing up his courage to stage that attack and slash himself with a broken bottle."

"Mind, I never thought Loneragan had been in the cellar. What I thought was, someone must've attacked 'Finch,' because maybe he knew too much."

"She must've taken Loneragan into Mrs. Tyler's house one day when she was out—it was quiet and safe there, no one to see or hear—and smuggled a suitcase out of the boarding-house with some of Sprig's clothes. The two were roughly the same size and height. In there, they set about dyeing his hair, but they spill some of it on the cat and

"How in the world did he force her to help and shelter him?"

"Forced her hand through the boy, of course."

"It was a risky plan."

"Not as much as you might think. A quiet little place like this—there could hardly have been a safer spot to hide him while she scraped around for the money to get him out of the country."

"What about a passport—income tax clearance?"

"You can buy anything like that, Mr. Tyler, if you've got the cash and know your underworld. That's what he marked down Miss Bassett's diamond bracelet for. When you think of what this woman has suffered through Loneragan years ago—the shame, the downfall—and then him turning up again to wreck her son's new name and future—well, I dare say she didn't hardly know what she was ready to do to save the boy."

"She must've taken Loneragan into Mrs. Tyler's house one day when she was out—it was quiet and safe there, no one to see or hear—and smuggled a suitcase out of the boarding-house with some of Sprig's clothes. The two were roughly the same size and height. In there, they set about dyeing his hair, but they spill some of it on the cat and

"That light she saw in my window?" Henry asked.

"She never saw a light. Not her. When she heard what Mrs. Keith said, she thought that'd be a fine way to help prove that you were here on Monday night. We found a tree cut down in that bit of bush, and I began to wonder. The sergeant pointed out that it couldn't have shaded the vegetables, so I thought, what else now would you cut a tree down for? To open up something you wanted to see? A view? What else? Who had claimed to have seen anything from Seaview lately? Mrs. Peterson, for one."

"Then I got the angle taken of where the tree would've been when standing and found its bushy top would just've blocked the view of your window from the Seaview bathroom. It must've given her a joint when she ran up there and saw that she couldn't have seen your window from that one. So she gets up in the dead of Thursday night and saws it down. Everything for her depends on you not being able to prove you were in town, which would clear both you and Mr. Tyler. With you two right out as suspects, she knew we'd have to look around for somebody else and that once we began to doubt her story about seeing that light—"

"That's right," Henry broke in. "As I told you, when she and I were left alone for a minute to-night, finishing coffee, I said something that settled it. I suddenly bounced up and said, 'I've got it! Got what?' she said. 'I've thought of someone who can prove I spent Monday night in town! I'll just nip down to the cottage after Katrine and tell her. Matter of fact I remembered a boy I bought a paper from as I was leaving Mona's flat. I'd tipped him a couple of bob to wipe off my windscreen. I knew he'd remember me. And then I said to Mrs. Peterson—rather snootily, I guess—I said, 'You'd better think again about that light you said you saw. The police'll think you've been seeing fairy lights or something!'"

"She sat rather still at that. I got up to get some more cof-

fee, and she went upstairs murmuring something about another sketch of wool."

"After getting the wool she must've hurried out the door, run up the road, waited for me in that clump of trees. When she saw me, one—apparently me—came from the dark gateway of the cottage she must've thought that I'd gripped down my coat and somehow got ahead of her—never dreamt it was her own hand."

He added, "Seeing the night in darkness she concluded, and thought I'd concluded the same thing—that Katrine had just thrown the raw wool to the dog and gone home, which case, I wouldn't yet have had time to tell Katrine and my water-tight alibi wasn't too late to fire a shot. She was back in the view at her knitting a time and nobody knew she even left the room. What she didn't know was that she'd dropped in at home first, some cigarettes."

"What she didn't know either," Grogan said, "that Loneragan hadn't gone to his room to read. He'd ready gone to wait for the Bassett behind the trellis of the verandah. Looking through my notes this afternoon, I saw that Mrs. Bassett had said Curly had picked the bullet when he was collecting the scraps for his fowls, and all of a sudden remembered Mrs. Crabtree saying that he went for his gun on a Monday. I thought of a dead seagull, and I thought myself, I bet Mrs. Tyler was a lucky shot at that bit of her brand-new service revolver, and that was the last Curly found."

He smiled slightly. "Keith, the moment we heard scene that poor old fellow thought we'd pinch that of hers for every little bit of tin or lead he'd picked up at anyone's place. Every time she read about crime or criminals I expect she wondered it mightn't be Curly's under another name. Mothers first, last and all over everlasting time!"

Russell was looking puzzled. "Mrs. Peterson," he said. "You keep on saying 'She must've done that.' Crime's stantial evidence. But the any other against her?"

"Why, yes, there is. To much of a knitting man to self, but that ball of wool she just finished winding to-day when Miss Bassett and I came into the drawing-room—thought it looked a bigish ball for a skein of even that wool. She'd wound it round the little 25 calibre S&W Brownie. It's only a few inches long."

Standing under the oak at her gate, Russell said to Katrine: "Good-night."

"Good-night," she answered, but made no move to take the hand from his or turn to go.

He drew a step back. "Well," he said, "I suppose I no use my trying to reason you."

"Not the slightest," she replied quickly. "Not the slightest, darling. I'm awfully set in my ways. I never change."

"There it is, then, for me you're so beautiful so—so magical."

"Well . . . it isn't so bad marry a girl against your own if you rather admire her is it?"

He drew her to him and they kissed.

"Not so bad," he agreed.

NEXT WEEK'S NOVEL

"STRANGE DAY"

By MACKINLAY KANTOR

MACKINLAY KANTOR, author of the best-seller novel and film "The Best Years of Our Lives," has packed extraordinary adventures into the everyday lives of the two leading characters of "Strange Day," first part of which begins as our new novel next week.

Ralph Bee and his wife, Isabelle, are a quiet-living, rather dull married couple who find their little dinner-parties, car trips to the country, and walks with their dog, Grace, about as much excitement as they need.

At least, that's what they think until one morning when Isabelle is away visiting her sick mother and Ralph decides he won't catch his usual train to take him to his job in a city bank.

He has no idea why he makes this sudden decision, but once made he is plunged into a welter of drama, death, and crime.

Meanwhile, unexpected meetings fill his wife's day also with hectic adventures, one of which she knows she will never relate to her husband.

"Someone," Henry murmured. "Me, eh? As I was the only one downstairs."

"Well . . . I didn't say no to that thought at first, Mr. Crabtree. But afterwards, when we'd questioned him, I had a sort of hunch he'd done it himself. I said to the sergeant when we were leaving that night, 'That bloke Finch is filled to the neck with glee, not shock. He's too pleased with himself by half.' But I admit I was way off the beam in guessing what his reason could've been. I thought perhaps he'd done it to try and make us believe that this escaped criminal was around and had murdered Mrs. Tyler, because he was involved in it some way himself."

Henry said: "He certainly succeeded in throwing us all off the scent. What was his crime seven years ago?"

"He shot a girl he was having an affair with and got fifteen years for it. I found out this evening from the Immigration Department that after his conviction his wife took the boy Sprig off to America."

"And came back after some years as Mrs. Peterson?"

"That's right. Then about three weeks ago Loneragan escapes while he's being transferred from hospital to gaol. He must've tried to contact her and discovered she was here and come down after her."

think it safer not to go on with that."

Henry was thinking back. "I remember the very night she brought him into the dining-room and I introduced him to us all as her brother on holiday from Melbourne, and a very nice, affable fellow we thought him."

"But how on earth did my wife come up against Lucy Peterson?" Russell asked.

"Look, your wife was a journalist once. She was in court at the Loneragan trial. She'd recognize him the moment she set eyes on him down here. I see it this way. I gather there'd already been a bit of nastiness between the two ladies about Sprig going to the cottage and drinking more than was good for him, the bad influence on him, and so on, and then Frederick Mrs. Tyler said to her, 'What about Frederick Loneragan, his father—since we're talking of bad influences?'"

"Yes, she would do that," Russell admitted.

"Well, that'd be enough, wouldn't it, for the boy's mother to panic and see red? Things must've come to a head early on the Tuesday morning. How they got into your house, Mr. Crabtree . . .?"

"You've guessed it! Mrs. Tyler had a key. On Sunday evening I dropped it down from the roof to her when she

Printed by Congress Press Limited, Press Limited, 101, Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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SIMPLE FURNISHINGS CAN BE CHARMING

THOUGH the word charming is often applied to furnishings or furniture arrangement, few people have the knack of imparting that elusive quality to rooms in their homes.

Here I have illustrated two rooms which have many of the elements which make for charm.

The first is a dining-room that has been craved from an old-fashioned room. The floor was tiled—large and tiles that didn't look very attractive or glamorous then, but now, with the pink walls and green hangings, they look modern and smart.

I have used the green because it seemed a logical complement. What green does for flowers it can do for color schemes.

The unusual sideboard-cum-cupboard is simply done. First acquire a table that is the right height and has good lines.

Over this and on to the wall have your cupboard built, but watch that it is not top-heavy or clumsy, as it would spoil the whole effect.

The chairs can also be painted, and in this case, painted white to match the cupboard, they'll look particularly attractive.

The dining table is a solid but rather unimaginative one, so it has been painted black to give it a more dramatic appearance.

Black accents in a room are always good, but most home-painted black articles look amateurish.

Overcome this poor finish by using blackboard paint. It has a soft, grey look, and will cover most surfaces in a most professional manner.

Analyze this room and you will see that it is neither lavish nor ultra smart, but it is individual and fresh-looking and would provide a perfect background for dining.



By JOAN MARTIN

THE room illustrated on the left is for the book-lover who cannot afford the luxury of a library but must accommodate some hundreds of precious volumes.

To the combination library and living-room the books give a liveable feeling and themselves provide decoration.

Designed for a country home, the room has simplicity and dignity combined with a warmth and friendliness. It is the type of room that invites relaxation.

In a country or holiday home, antiques or silver may be presented or arranged to give an air of simplicity.

Don't be afraid to mix old with new or one period with another. Provided they are tied together with a suitable color scheme and each piece arranged to its best advantage, a blending of periods is attractive.

Loose covers, so easy to launder or clean, add much to the charm of a room. No matter whether the covers are made of cotton, chintz, or brocade, they always look right and have a far more homely look than the close upholstery, which is inclined to look a little formal.

In the room we have illustrated you will notice that the desk which may once have been cedar or mahogany is now painted white.

If you have a desk which has seen better days and would cost a great deal to recondition, don't hesitate to paint it.

The two pots of living plants add to the charm of this simple room, as do the odd collection of pictures and the clock and ornaments which have been arranged with the good taste of someone who has collected them and grown fond of them.



Prizes for readers' favorite recipes

A summer sweet made from cake, cooked apricot pulp, and cream wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest. The mixture fills two average-sized ice-cream trays.

ANY fruit pulp may be used in place of the apricot pulp given in the recipe below.

If using rhubarb, add grated lemon or orange rind to improve the flavor. With apple pulp try grated lemon rind and a little chopped preserved ginger. A hint of almond essence is good with peach or apricot pulp.

Consolation prizes are awarded for rhubarb and loganberry jam and for a

chicken mousse which will appeal to those who like Chinese food, as it combines the flavors of chicken (or rabbit), pineapple, and almonds.

All spoon measurements are level.

FROZEN APRICOT CREAM SPONGE

Half pint unsweetened cooked apricot pulp (or $\frac{1}{4}$ tin pie-pulp), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar (or use $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cooked sweetened dried apricots), 1 teaspoon gelatine

softened in 1 tablespoon hot water, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, extra 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream or well-chilled evaporated milk, plain sponge or butter cake.

Mix sugar with apricot pulp, heat until sugar is dissolved. If using dried apricot pulp, heat slightly. Add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Beat egg, add extra sugar and vanilla. Whip cream or evaporated milk until thickened, fold in egg and apricot pulp. Mix thoroughly. Line two refrigerator trays with cake, fill with apricot mixture, chill until firm. Serve in thick slices topped with cream and chopped nuts.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. C. Yates, 65 Francis St., Bairnsdale, Vic.

RABBIT OR CHICKEN MOUSSE

Three dessertspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups hot rabbit stock, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked and chopped rabbit (or chicken), $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced, cooked pineapple (unsweetened), 1 cup juice from cooked pineapple, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup toasted chopped almonds.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add to stock, salt, pepper, and pineapple juice. Stir until gelatine is dissolved, chill until beginning to thicken. Add pineapple, rabbit or chicken, and almonds, fill into wetted mould. Chill. Unmould, serve with crisp salad.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. I. M. Mitchell, Lot 26, Hardwick St., Herne Bay, N.S.W.



CHICKEN or rabbit meat, pineapple, and almonds make this appetizing mould, which will be a welcome addition to warm-weather dinners, and especially appreciated by those who like Chinese food. See the consolation prize-winning recipe on this page.

RHUBARB AND LOGANBERRY JAM

One pound juicy rhubarb, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1lb. fresh loganberries, 1lb. 14oz. sugar, 1 lemon.

Trim rhubarb, wash, cut into small pieces, cook with water until soft. Wash and drain berries, add to rhubarb. Cook until berries are tender, stirring occasionally. Add sugar and lemon juice, stir until dissolved. Cook until mixture jells on a cold saucer. Stand ten minutes, bottle in warm jars, seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Kent, 4 Sangood St., Hampton S7, Vic.

SCHOOL LUNCHES

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IT is gratifying for parents that many large city and suburban schools are now operating a school lunch service.

Mothers whose children do not attend a school with a lunch service should pack nutritious lunches for them rather than give them money to buy food at the local tuck-shop.

Lunches containing the "protective" foods necessary for children's normal develop-

ment and health should be based on the original Oat lunch of 3 slices of whole meal bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1oz. butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2oz. cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk (minimum), and orange, apple, or salad ingredients.

A leaflet giving fillings for nutritious sandwiches and lists for a healthy school lunch can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 408, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope with request.

DECORATED TRAY AND COASTERS



SHABBY WOOD or tin trays can be renewed this way: Clean well and apply two or three coats of enamel paint. Allow to dry. Select a motif from dress or curtain material or an embroidery transfer, and trace repeat motifs on to the tray with pencil and carbon paper to form a design. Then, using a fine brush and enamel paint, go carefully over the design. Cut the coasters from thin wallboard, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square, and decorate them to match.



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SR AS WWW



● Bring out your best silver and china, use the recipes below, and serve a memorable afternoon tea.

4 o'clock

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

A SIMPLE, plain sponge, covered with cream and strawberries, is a certain favorite with guests, and is surprisingly easy to prepare. For best results, the cream and strawberries should be added at the last moment.

Savory loaves and rolls and scones with a variety of fillings are included in the recipes below. There is also a delicious cherry coconut concoction for those who prefer something less rich than strawberry cream cake.

Choose whichever savory you prefer and team it with strawberry cream cake or cherry coconut fingers, or both, and save the other recipes for a future occasion.

Tea must be piping hot and freshly made. It is a good idea to heat the milk, but do not allow it to boil, because boiled milk alters the flavor of tea.

Tea made from water which has boiled for any length of time has a flat taste, so to ensure that the tea is good pour the water on to leaves in heated teapot the moment it boils.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY SCONES

One pound self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Sift flour, salt, and powdered milk. Rub in shortening. Mix to a soft dough with milk mixed with water. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead lightly. Roll or press out to good $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cut into rounds or squares with floured knife or cutter. Pack closely together on greased or lightly floured oven-tray, brush tops with milk. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Split and fill with savory filling, or serve whole, to be broken open and spread with savory filling as required.

SCONE FILLINGS

Rabbit Spread: Coarsely grate 4oz. cheese, place in small saucepan with 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 small chopped gherkin, 4 tablespoons milk. Stir with wooden spoon over low heat until well mixed and thickened. Mixture thickens further as it cools.

Ham and Olives: Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup finely minced ham with 6 or 8 chopped olives (plain or stuffed). Moisten with mayonnaise and bind with a small quantity of thick, smooth white sauce.

Brains and Walnuts: Mix chopped

cooked brains with an equal quantity of thick white sauce, add half the quantity of chopped walnuts. Season with salt and cayenne pepper, fold in finely chopped parsley to taste.

Egg and Onion: Mash 3 or 4 hard-boiled eggs thoroughly with a fork. Season with salt, cayenne pepper, onion juice (grated or scraped onion serves the purpose), and a nut of butter. Moisten with mayonnaise.

STRAWBERRY CREAM SPONGE

Four ounces plain flour, 1 dessertspoon baking powder (or use 4oz. self-raising flour, or 4oz. plain flour with 1 teaspoon cream of tartar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda), pinch salt, 4 eggs, scant $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ dessertspoons butter, fresh whipped cream, icing sugar, vanilla, strawberries.

Sift dry ingredients two or three times to mix thoroughly. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly. Gradually add sugar, continue beating until mixture holds its shape and sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks, beat only until well mixed. Remove beater and with a tablespoon (or spoon-shaped wire beater) fold in sifted dry ingredients, then hot milk and melted butter mixed together. Turn into greased 8 in. sandwich-tins, each with a 4 in. or 5 in. square of greased paper in the bottom. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, or until evenly

browned, starting to shrink from sides of tin and elastic to the touch. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. Sprinkle hulled and washed strawberries with sifted icing sugar or crystal sugar, and set aside until juice starts to flow, turning or tossing lightly to prevent breaking or pulping. Whip cream lightly, sweeten with sifted icing sugar, flavor with vanilla. Join cake with cream and strawberries, decorate top in same way.

CHERRY COCONUT FINGERS

One cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. good shortening, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, apricot or plum jam, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups desiccated coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup extra sugar, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk, 3oz. chopped glace cherries.

Sift flours with salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a firm consistency with 1 beaten egg (reserving other egg for topping), adding a little extra milk if necessary. Spread thickly over base of greased slab-tin, smooth with a knife and spread with a thin layer of jam. Beat remaining egg lightly, add coconut, extra sugar, milk, and chopped cherries. Mix well, spread over mixture in tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Allow to cool in tin. When nearly cold, cut into fingers and finish cooling on cake-cooler. If liked the cherry-coconut mixture may be colored pale pink.

AFTERNOON-TEA PARTY which looks tempting and quite extravagant but is much less expensive than it appears. Plain scones with savory fillings and a simple sponge mixture decked with cream and strawberries are easy to make and serve. See recipes.

sure she wishes to be a most dutiful daughter to me, and it is so ill-natured of me not to wish for a dutiful daughter! But when I think that in quite a short while now I shall have her living in the house— But I should not be talking in this style! It is most improper and you must forget it, if you please, Sophy!"

Sophy paid no heed to this, but echoed: "Living in the house? You are not serious, ma'am?"

Lady Ombersley nodded. "There is nothing at all out of the way in such an arrangement, you know, my love. They will have their own apartments, of course, but—" She broke off, and sighed.

Sophy looked at her fixedly for a few moments, but, rather to her surprise, said nothing. Lady Ombersley tried to put these melancholy reflections out of her mind, and began to talk about the party she meant to give. Into these plans her niece entered with enthusiasm and with an efficiency that swept Lady Ombersley quite off her feet.

By what stages she arrived at agreement with Sophy on all points she was never afterwards able to explain, either to Charles or to herself, but at the end of an interview which left her feeling bemused she had certainly consented not only to allow Sophy and Cecilia to undertake all the necessary arrangements, but also to permit Sir Horace (through his daughter) to defray the cost of the entertainment.

"And now," Sophy said buoyantly to Cecilia, "you shall tell me where we must order the cards of invitation and where you in general go for refreshments. I don't think we should leave that to my aunt's cook, for he would be busy for so many days he would have very little time for anything else."

Cecilia regarded her in round-eyed astonishment. "But Sophy, Mama said it should only be quite a small party!"

"No, Cecy, it was your brother who said that," replied Sophy. "It is going to be a very large party."

Selma, who was present at

this conference, asked shrewdly:

"Does Mama know that?" Sophy laughed. "Not yet!" she admitted. "Do you think she does not care for large parties?"

"Oh, no! Why, there were more than four hundred people invited to the ball she gave for Maria, were there not, Cecilia? Mama enjoyed it excessively, because it was such a capital success, and everyone complimented her on it."

"Yes, but the cost of it!" Cecilia said. "She will not dare! Charles would be so angry!"

"Don't give him a thought!" recommended Sophy. "It is Sir Horace who will bear the cost, not Charles. Make a list of all your acquaintances, Cecy, and I will make one of those of my friends who are in England, and then we will go out to order the cards. I imagine we shall not need more than five hundred."

"Sophy," said Cecilia, in a faint voice, "are we going to send out five hundred invitations without even asking Mama?"

Imps of mischief danced in her cousin's eyes. "Of course we are, dear goose! For once we have despatched them even your horrid brother cannot recall them!"

"Oh, famous, famous!" cried Selma, beginning to skip round the room. "What a rage he will be in!"

Mr. Rivenhall, meanwhile, had gone off to visit his betrothed. He arrived at the Brinklows' somewhat cheerless house in Brook Street still seething with indignation, but so thankless and perverse was his disposition that no sooner did he find his sentiments shared and his strictures on his cousin endorsed than he took an abrupt turn in quite another direction, and said much must be forgiven a girl who could handle his greys as Sophy had.

From being a female sunk below reproach Sophy became rapidly an unconventional girl whose unaffected manners were refreshing in an age of simper and high flirts.

This was not just to Miss Wrahton's taste. To be driv-

Continuing

ing about the City unattended did not suit her sense of propriety, and she said so. Mr. Rivenhall grinned.

"No, very true, but I suppose it was in some sort my fault; I did put up her back. There's no harm done: if she could control my greys, as fresh as they were, she's a capital whip. All the same, she is not going to set up her own carriage while she remains in my mother's charge. If I know anything, to drive decorously round the Park would not do for her at all!"

"You take it with a composure that does you the greatest credit, my dear Charles."

"I didn't!" he interrupted, with a rueful laugh. "She put me in a thundering rage!"

"I am sure it is not wonderful that she should have. To drive a gentleman's horses without his leave shows a want of conduct that is above the line of being pleasing. Why, even I have never even requested you to let me take the reins!"

He looked amused. "My dear Eugenia, I hope you never will, for I shall certainly refuse such a request! You could never hold my horses."

If Miss Wrahton had not been so very well-bred she would at this tactless remark have returned a pretty hot rejoinder, for she prided herself a little on her handling of the ribbons; and, although she did not drive herself in London, owned an elegant phaeton which she used when staying at her home in Hampshire.

AS it was, Miss Wrahton was obliged to pause for a moment before saying anything. During this brief period she swiftly formed the resolve of demonstrating to Charles, and his objectionable cousin, that a lady reared on the strictest principles of propriety could be quite as notable a horsewoman as any hoven. She had several times been complimented on her seat on a horse, and knew her style to be excellent.

She said: "If Miss Stanton-Lacy cares for such things, perhaps she would like to ride with me one afternoon in the Park. Let us make up a party, Charles! Dear Cecilia is not fond of the exercise, I know, or I should solicit her to join us. But Alfred will be pleased to go with me, and you may bring your cousin. To-morrow? Prey beg her to go with us!"

Mr. Rivenhall, an intolerant man, had no affection for his Eugenia's younger brother, and generally made it his business to avoid him, but he was struck by Miss Wrahton's nobility in promoting an engagement which (he guessed) would afford her little pleasure, and at once agreed to it, expressing at the same time his sense of obligation to her.

She smiled at him and said that it must be an object with her to exert herself in his interests. He was a man not much given to the making of graceful gestures, but at this he lifted her hand and said that he knew well how utterly he could rely upon her in every predicament.

Miss Wrahton then repeated the remark she had previously made to Lady Ombersley, that she was particularly sorry that, at this crisis in the Ombersley fortunes, circumstance had intervened to postpone her union with him. She rather thought that the indifferent state of dear Lady Ombersley's health made it impossible for her to manage her household just as Charles could wish.

Her kind heart made her perhaps over-tolerant, and the languor induced by an illness

The Grand Sophy

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constitution rendered her blind to certain defects that could speedily be remedied by a helpful daughter-in-law.

She owned that she had been surprised to learn that Lady Ombersley had allowed herself to be persuaded by her brother—a very odd kind of a man, her papa had told her—to assume the charge of his daughter for an unspecified length of time. She passed from this, in the smoothest fashion, to a gently worded criticism of Miss Adderbury, no doubt an excellent woman, but sadly lacking in accomplishments, or in control over her spirited charges.

But this was a mistake: Mr. Rivenhall would permit no criticism of Addy, who had guided his own first steps; and as for his uncle, Lord Brinklow's slighting comment made him instantly bristle in defence of his relative. Sir Horace, he informed Miss Wrahton, was a highly distinguished man, with a genius for diplomacy.

"But not, you will own, a genius for rearing a daughter!" said Miss Wrahton archly.

He laughed at that, but said: "Oh, well! I don't know that there is any real harm in Sophy, after all!"

When Miss Wrahton's invitation was conveyed to Sophy she professed herself happy to accept it, and at once desired Miss Jane Storridge to press out her riding-dress. This garment, when she appeared in it on the following afternoon, filled Cecilia with envy, but slightly staggered her brother, who could not feel that a habit made of pale blue cloth, with epaulettes and frogs, a la Hussar, and sleeves braided halfway up the arm, would win approval from Miss Wrahton.

White kid gloves and blue half-boots, a high-standing collar trimmed with lace, a muslin cravat, a tall-crowned hat, like a shako, with a peak over the eyes, and a plume of curled ostrich feathers completed this dashing toilette.

The tightly fitting habit set off Sophy's magnificent figure to admiration; and from under the brim of her hat her brown locks curled quite charmingly. "Oh, doesn't she look lovely," Cecilia sighed, but her brother merely bowed and said that he was no judge of such matters.

However that might be, he was no mean judge of a horse, and when he set eyes on Salamanca, being walked up and down the road by John Potton, he did not withhold his praise and said that he no longer wondered at Hubert's ecstasies.

John Potton threw his misstress up into the saddle, and after allowing Salamanca to indulge his playfulness for a few moments Sophy brought him minding up alongside Mr. Rivenhall's bay hack, and they set off at a steady pace in the direction of Hyde Park.

They duly found Miss Wrahton awaiting them, with her brother, within the gates of the Park. Miss Wrahton, after one glance at Sophy's habit, transferred her gaze to Salamanca.

"Oh, what a beautiful creature!" she said. "But surely he is a little too strong for you, Miss Stanton-Lacy? You should commission Charles to find a well-mannered lady's horse for you to ride."

"I daresay he would be only too delighted, but I have discovered that his notions and mine on that subject are widely separated," replied Sophy.

Miss Wrahton ignored this. "You will let me introduce my brother to you, Miss Stanton-Lacy, Alfred!"

Mr. Wrahton, a pallid young gentleman with a receding chin,

a loose, wet mouth, and a knowing look in his eyes, bowed, and said he was happy to make Miss Stanton-Lacy's acquaintance.

"Shall we ride on?" suggested Miss Wrahton. "You must tell me about your horse. Is he Spanish? Very handsome, but a little too nervous for my taste. But I am spoilt: my own dear Dorcas here is so very well-mannered."

"Salamanca is not really nervous: he is merely funning," said Sophy. "As for manners, I hold him to be unequalled. Would you like to see me put him through his paces? Watch! He was Mameluke-trained, you know!"

"For heaven's sake, Sophy, not in the Park!" said Charles sharply.

She threw him one of her saucy smiles, and set Salamanca caroling.

"Oh, pray be careful!" exclaimed Miss Wrahton. "It is very dangerous! Charles, stop her! We shall have everyone staring at us!"

"You won't mind if I shake the fidgets out of his legs!" Sophy called. "He is itching for a gallop!"

With that she wheeled Salamanca about and let him have his head down the stretch of tan that lay beside the carriage-road.

"Voicks!" uttered Mr. Wrahton, and set off in pursuit.

"My dear Charles, what is to be done with her?" said Miss Wrahton. "Galloping in the Park, and in that habit, which I should blush to wear! I was never more shocked!"

"Yes," he agreed, his eyes on the diminishing figure in the distance. "But she can ride!"

"Of course, if you mean to encourage her in such pranks there is no more to be said."

"I don't," he replied briefly. She was displeased, and said coldly: "I must confess that I do not admire her style: I am reminded of nothing so much as the equestriennes at Astley's Amphitheatre. Shall we canter?"

In this sedate way they rode

side by side down the tan way they saw Sophy galloping back to them, Mr. Wrahton still in pursuit. Sophy reined in, wheeled, and fell in beside her cousin.

"How much I enjoyed that!" she said, her cheeks in a glow. "I have not been on Salamanca's back for over a week. But me! Have I done wrong? So many prim persons stared at though they could not believe their eyes!"

"You should not ride in that neck-or-nothing fashion in the Park," Charles replied. "I should have warned you."

"You should indeed! I was afraid it might be that. Never mind! I will be good now, and if anyone speaks of it to you you will say that it is only your poor little cousin from Portugal, who has been so badly brought up that there is no doing anything about it."

At this moment Alfred Wrahton rejoined them, calling out: "By Jove, Miss Stanton-Lacy, you will take the shine out of them all! You are nothing a her, Eugenia!"

"We cannot go four abreast," said Miss Wrahton, ignoring this remark. "Charles, I must converse with Miss Stanton-Lacy across you."

He complied with this request, and Miss Wrahton, bringing her mare alongside Salamanca, said with all the tact upon which she prided herself: "I am persuaded that you must find our London way strange at first."

"Why, I imagine they cannot differ greatly from those of Paris, or Vienna, or even Lisbon!" said Sophy.

"I have never visited those cities, but I believe—indeed, I am sure—that the mode of London is vastly superior," said Miss Wrahton. "I know that you will not take it amiss if I give you a hint."

She paused, then went on: "You will of course wish to attend the Assemblies atmack's, for instance. I am sure, the veriest breath of criticism to reach the ears of the Patronesses and you may not

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Quick and simple recipe for delicious

Salad Mayonnaise



MAYONNAISE

Half tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 pt. Salad Dressing, 2 Egg Yolks, 1 teaspoonful Mustard, and a dash of Cayenne. Place ingredients in a bowl and beat well until the mixture thickens. Store in a cool place for a very long time.

ECONOMY SALAD DRESSING

Half tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 teaspoonful Salt, 1 pt. Vinegar, 1 teaspoonful Dry Mustard. Mix as Mayonnaise Recipe. Chill before serving.

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TAKE **Beecham's** PILLS TONIGHT

THE PURELY VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

Continuing . . . The Grand Sophy

from page 56

"Sophy, what's your direction? Are you living in London now? Where's Sir Horace?"

She was laughing, trying to answer them all, while her horse sidled, and fidgeted, and tossed his head. "Abroad. Never mind about me! What are you all doing in England? I thought you in France still! Don't tell me you have sold out!"

"Debenham has, lucky dog! I'm on furlough; Wolsey's stationed in England—what a thing it is to belong to the Gentlemen's Sons!—and Talgarth has become a great man, almost a Tiger! Yes, I assure you! A.D.C. to the Duke of York. You notice the air of consequence! But he is all condescension; not the least height in his manner—yet!"

"Silence, rattle!" said his victim. He was rather older than his companions, a handsome, dark man, with a decided air of fashion and a languid manner. "Dear Sophy, I am tolerably certain that you cannot have been in London above many days. Not the smallest rumor of any volcanic disturbance has come to my ears, and you know how quick I am to get abreast of the news!"

She laughed. "Oh, that is too bad of you, Sir Vincent! I don't create disturbances; you know I don't! But come! I forget my manners in all this excitement!"

She turned quickly. "Miss Wroxton, do pray forgive me, and allow me to present to you Colonel Sir Vincent Talgarth; and, beside him, Colonel Debenham. And this is Major Titus Quinton, and—oh, dear, ought I to have said your name first, Francis? It is one of the things I never know, but no matter!

—Captain Lord Francis Wolsey! And this is my cousin, Mr. Rivenhall. Oh, and Mr. Wroxton also!"

Miss Wroxton inclined her head politely; Mr. Rivenhall, bowing slightly to the rest of the party, addressed himself to Lord Francis, saying: "I don't think I ever met you, but your brother and I were up at Oxford together."

Lord Francis at once leaned forward in his saddle to shake him by the hand.

"Now I know who you are!" he announced. "You are Charles Rivenhall! Thought I couldn't be mistaken! How do you do? Do you still box? Freddy was used to say he never knew an amateur with a more punishing right!"

This remark naturally beguiled all three men into a sporting conversation. Mr. Wroxton hung on the outskirts of it, occasionally interpolating a few words which no one paid any heed to; Sophy smiled benignly to see her friends and her cousin so happily absorbed; and Colonel Debenham, who had excellent manners and a kind heart, began to make painstaking conversation to Miss Wroxton.

By tacit consent, the military gentlemen turned to accompany Mr. Rivenhall's party up the track, and the entire cavalcade moved forward at a walking pace.

Sophy found that Sir Vincent had brought his horse up to walk beside hers, and said suddenly: "Sir Vincent, you are the very man I need! Let us draw a little ahead!"

"Nothing in this life, enchanting Juno, could afford me

more pleasure!" he instantly responded. "Are you about to transport me by accepting a heart laid often at your feet, and as often spurned? Something informs me that I indulge my optimism too far and that you are going to demand of me some service that will plunge me into a morass of trouble and end in my being cashiered."

"Nothing of the sort!" declared Sophy. "But I never knew anyone, other than Sir Horace, whose judgment I would rather trust when it comes to buying a horse. Sir Vincent, I want to purchase a pair for my phaeton!"

They had by this time considerably outdistanced the rest of the party. Sir Vincent said brokenly: "Allow me a moment in which to recover my manhood! So that is all the use you have for me!"

"Don't be so absurd!" said Sophy. "What better use could I have for anyone? And the fact is that I was obliged to sell my carriage-horses when we left Lisbon, and Sir Horace had no time to attend to the matter before he sailed for Brazil. He said my cousin would advise me, but he was quite out! He will not."

"Charles Rivenhall," said Sir Vincent, looking at her from under drooping eyelids, "is held to be no bad judge of a horse. What mischief are you brewing, Sophy?"

"None! He has said he will not stir in the matter, and also that it would be improper for me to visit Tattersall's. Is that true?"

"Well, it would certainly be unusual."

"Then I won't do it: my aunt would be distressed, and she has enough to plague her already.

Where else can I buy a pair that will suit me?"

He gazed meditatively ahead between his horse's ears.

"I wonder if you would care to buy two of Manningtree's breakdowns before they come into the open market?" he said presently. "Quite done-up, poor fellow, and is selling off all his cattle. What's your figure, Sophy?"

"Sir Horace told me not above four hundred, unless I saw a pair it would be a crime not to buy."

"Manningtree would sell you his match bays for less than that. As handsome a pair as you could wish for: I should buy them myself if I had a feather to fly with."

"Where may I see them?"

"Leave that to me: I'll arrange it. What's your direction?"

"At Lord Ombersley's house in Berkeley Square: that big one at the corner!"

"Of course. So he is your uncle, is he?"

"No, but his wife is my aunt."

"And Charles Rivenhall is therefore your cousin. Well, well! How do you contrive to amuse yourself, my Sophy?"

"I own I did wonder how I should do so, but I find that the whole family is in a sad tangle, poor dears, and I do hope I may be able to make them more comfortable!"

He sighed heavily. "Almost my heart goes out to the family. Do they tread blindly towards their doom, Sophy, or did they willingly receive a firebrand into their midst?"

She gave a chuckle. "They tread blindly—but I am not a firebrand!"

"No, I used the wrong word. You are like poor Whynates' rockets: no one knows what you will do next!"

To be continued

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